THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIX.—No. 1550

AUGUST 30, 1933

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE GOLF GOSSIP

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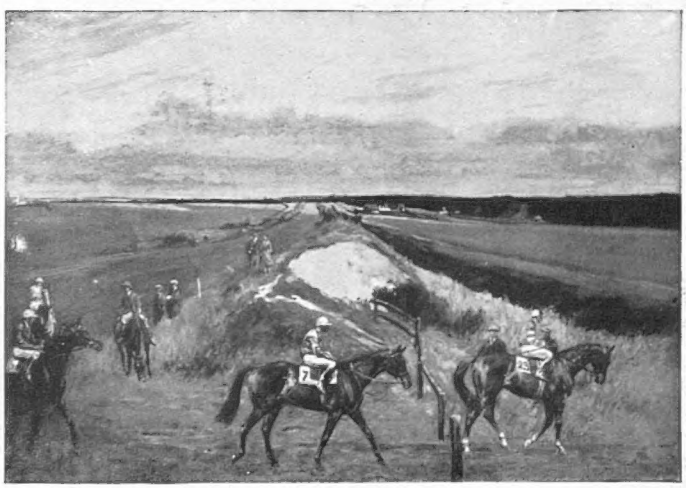
"THE DITCH"



THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.
Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

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The Bystander, August 30, 1933

No. 1550. Vol. CXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Helen Macgregor

Raymond Massey—"The Ace"

A photographic impression of the English actor as the German Rittmeister Kurt von Hagen, at the Lyric Theatre

A Wargrave Wedding

Mr. Ivor Howell Powell-Edwards, Irish Guards, only son of Colonel and Mrs. H. I. Powell-Edwards, of Odintane Place, Lewes, and his bride, Miss Vivien Averil Nicholl, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Nicholl, of Wargrave, leaving the Parish Church after the ceremony

In the Basque Country

Mr. R. Adamson, Mr. Reginald Wright, M.F.H., Atherstone Hunt, and Mrs. Reginald Wright, with two friends, guests of the Marquesa de Portago at Angles, near Biarritz. The Marquis, who is famous on the polo field, was unable to be present at the party

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

SOME of "them" are back in London again; at least, that is, some of those who annually band themselves together into a large herd. With about a similar amount of initiative as displayed by their bovine equivalents, they wander off annually in the trail of their leaders to another spot (it must be "abroad"), where they can all be together again and talk about themselves. A dreadful thought should a stranger, not "one of the gang," be present at a meal and introduce a fresh topic of conversation.

Cannes

There has been a sort of war on in Andorra, and quite a reasonable one in the "Beau Geste country," as the Atlas Mountains are now popularly termed. There have been several wars on in **Cannes**, between married couples, in the past. This season has produced more than ever.

A man just returned said that he had never seen such a display of meat, even in Smithfield Market. **Shorts** are shorter than ever, and the corresponding "tops" are lower than ever.

Great thrill near the Isle de Ste. Marguerite, when **Lady Mendl** had to be rescued from the burning yacht by Baroness D'Almeida.

Swimming was necessary; Lady Mendl unable to swim, though for years has had private swimming-pool in Paris. Suggest course of water-wings.

Miss Elizabeth Snagge

Daughter of Sir Harold Snagge, K.B.E., and Lady Snagge, of 4, Cadogan Terrace, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Lionel Gibbs, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin Gibbs, of Barrow Court, Somerset

Ball Games

Two summer sports are fast dying, **Polo** and **Cricket.** At **Dunster,** West Somerset, the Jaipur side won again; Major Philip Magor and Captain Fanshawe best of the opposition. At **Deauville,** Lord Barnby and Comte de Madre are prominent on the polo field.

Cricket's remaining glory will be shown at **Scarborough.** Town's motto: "Tunny-fish at dawn, sleep all day at the cricket." Sir Paul Latham, the local M.P., will be prominent, also Mr. "Shrimp" Leveson-Gower. Memories will be recalled of C. I. ("Buns") Thornton.

Amateur county sides still featuring—Sussex Martlets, Somerset Stragglers, Cheshire Gents, Hampshire Hogs.

But **Football** is with us—read what Chapman of the Arsenal thinks, does, wants, will do, should do, won't do. Read whether Bowden's broken bones or Bastin's boots are liable to keep them out of the side. Go it, Chelsea! Stick it, the Villa!

The Home Front

Of English watering-places, or resorts, **Frinton-on-Sea** has made a bold bid for the championship. No more to do there than at any other similar resort in the British Isles, except kill a few mosquitoes: bathing-huts very expensive, but very select. Personally, would rather catch a couple of congers off Shalden, in South

Devon, then retire on shore to the ministrations of Mr. St. John Wright, who combines a mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Debussy with his Savoy-trained knowledge of running a hotel. Feel step at last taken in right direction about our notoriously indifferent out-of-London lay-downs.

Woodhall Spa has, of course, attracted hordes of Weigalls, including the lovely Priscilla, who blinks charmingly, but knowingly, through her lorgnettes at attendant cavaliers, as befits a great heiress.

Cross-Channel

All who have been lucky enough to enjoy a day trip to Boulogne, or an even longer sojourn in the vicinity of the Pas-de-Calais, may enjoy this little casino story from **Le Touquet.** A " lovely young creature " was standing at a table at which a portly and Eastern-looking man was enjoying a long run of luck. The dear young thing, accompanied by a courtly Brazilian, proceeded to " banco " a sum of fifteen thousand francs. She lost, and paid. A few minutes later there was 20,000 francs in the bank, which she also proceeded to " banco." She lost. After fumbling anxiously in an empty bag, she made her way slowly to the caisse, all eyes watching her. The caisse politely regretted its inability to cash a cheque for twenty mille on such slight acquaintance. The Brazilian friend also regretted that, his business not being too good, he was unable to perform such a good deed. But amidst slight consternation, the winner of the money arrived at the caisse, " forgave " the debt, and returned to her the 15,000 francs which she had lost at the previous coup. She was lucky, for when this kindly gentleman's wife tried to borrow two thousand francs later in the evening, he refused. Her vocal accompaniment of comments was heard ad libitum for the rest of the evening.

It is interesting to note that, had the kind gentleman not been so kind in the first instance and washed out the debt, the balance would have fallen upon the croupier of the table. However, croupiers have a fund for dealing with these emergencies, which is made up out of the tips they receive.

Each time this year I have punted against a bank, I have heard " Neuf à la banque," and then a gloomy " un " from the croupier, denoting my feeble contribution to the search for eights and nines. **General Critchley** lost 20,000 francs at Le Touquet, but not at the tables—it was on the golf-course, where for once he went down playing the best ball of Commander Bob Wilson and another. **Lord Allerton** is another who has been golfing over there, also Sir George Langton. Miss Dorothy Paget telephoned over to find out whether gambling would be high enough for her last week-end. Not yet heard if she was sufficiently accommodated.

Numbers Engaged

In the matrimonial stakes, Miss de Sola backed a good winner in **Sir John Ellerman.** By the look of the pictures, it did not seem that the new baronet was being very extravagant on his honeymoon.

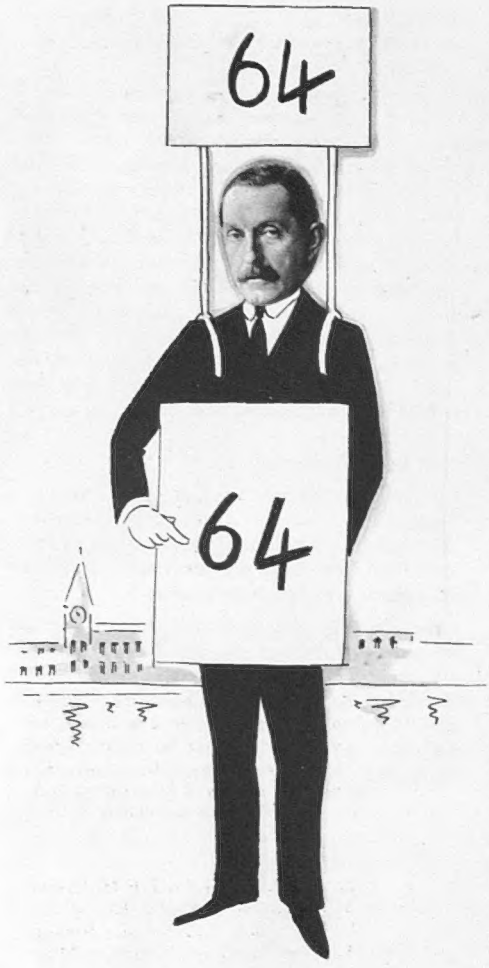
Interesting engagements are those of **Miss Betty Snagge** to Mr. Lionel Gibbs—she is attractive and un-Mayfair-like—and the **Hon. Henry Hope** to Miss May Ricardo. Mr. Hope is Lord Rankeillout's second son; his elder brother, Arthur, is better known, being M.P. for Aston Division of Birmingham.

MR. PEEPS

Brig.-General Trotter, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, and Mrs. Reginald Paget, two more guests of the Marquesa de Portago, who were entertained, and entertained themselves, with backgammon and bridge

Holiday-makers cooling off in the luxurious swimming-pool at Biarritz, which is one of the many attractions at this western coastal resort of France. In addition to swimming under ideal conditions, outdoor amusements include polo and excellent golf-courses

• PERSONALITIES



Lord Mount Temple

One of the best-looking men in Parliament, and proud of his 64 years

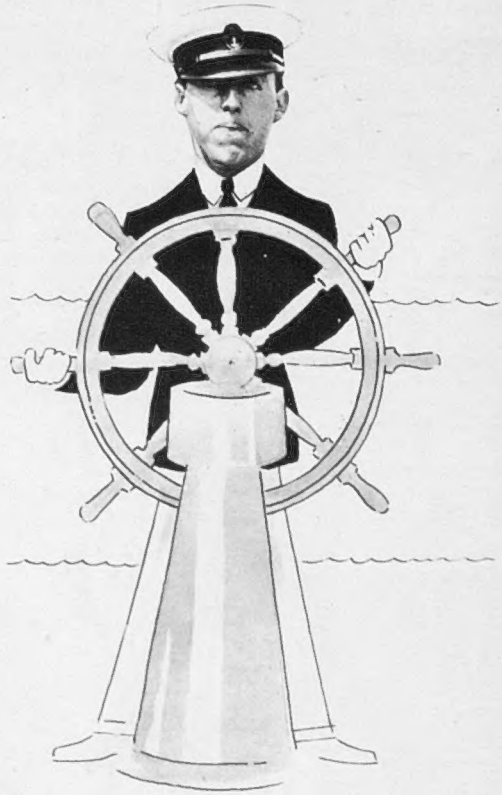
• **LORD MOUNT TEMPLE,** who has visited Sweden this month, is one of the best-looking men in Parliament. He is proud of his sixty-four years, and that he has no grey hairs. He never appears hot, hurried, or agitated, and it is impossible to imagine him doing anything but "the right thing" in any circumstances. He is smartly dressed in well-cut but loose-fitting clothes, and he always wears a carnation in his buttonhole. These are sent to him every day from his garden in Hampshire. He is interesting and kindly, but has no great emotional sympathy with the suffering or sins of others. He is a first-class game shot, and speaks well. His first wife was beautiful and rich; his second wife is beautiful. He has two lovely daughters, four grandchildren, a modernistic house in Westminster, well-shaped hands, and a liking for restaurants.

• **LORD MICHELHAM,** who has been cruising all the summer in his new yacht, the Atlantis, is a very rich young man. He has an unusual personality, being by nature rather shy and retiring, but talking incessantly and humorously. He is an exceedingly clever mimic and a shrewd judge of those around him. He has no ambitions and has no settled plan of life, preferring to decide his movements from hour to hour. He can be generous if he is very fond of someone, but at other times he is cautious of his expenditure. He is very curious and interested in people, whoever and whatever they may be. He has a large estate in Leicestershire, not much hair, a love of modern music, a wife older than himself, a younger brother, and he is a very good ball-room dancer.

• **THE HON. LADY BAILLIE,** who has been paying her usual summer visit to Monte Carlo, is one of the richest women in England. She has long hair, very smart clothes, and she wears a good deal of rouge. She has a few intimate friends whom she likes to have continually around her, but ignores the large majority of people with whom she comes socially in contact. She is often severely criticised. This does not worry her, but she expects always to get her own way. She has good taste in luxury, and can, of course, afford to indulge it. She is fond of backgammon and has had three husbands, She has also Leeds Castle, the name of Olive, an interest in accounts, and a disconcerting silence.

• **MRS. CHARLES SWEENY,** who is taking an interest in golf, will always be better remembered as "The Whigham." She is extraordinarily lovely in any circumstances, but happiness has made her radiant. She has a sweet character which makes everyone want to please her; servants and shop-people like to work for her. She is content and quite unenvious, only wanting everyone to like her for herself. She is quite unspoilt by the tremendous publicity she has enjoyed, and she finds most people and things interesting. She is a really nice person. She has a very thin figure, deep-set lovely eyes, an American husband, two poodles, and piles of press-cuttings.

PETER PEPPER



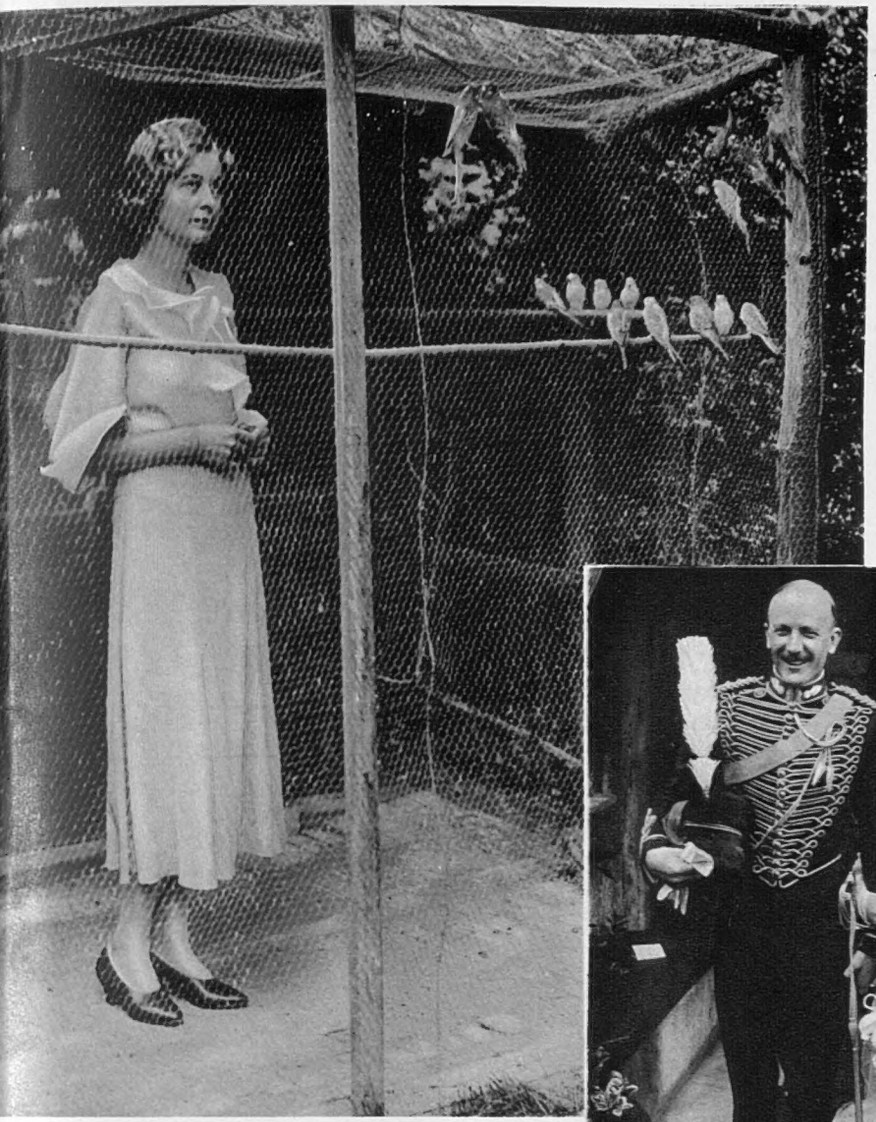
Lord Michelham

Has been cruising all the summer in his new yacht

Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Has a very thin figure, two poodles, and piles of press-cuttings

Weddings and What Not



Swaebe

An Unusual Hobby

Miss Symons-Jeune, daughter of Captain B. Symons-Jeune, a recent débutante, makes a hobby of the breeding of love-birds at her home in Windsor

Above : Miss Beatrice Mary Booth cutting the cake at the reception held at 16, Bruton Street, W., after her marriage to Mr. Noel K. Burton-Chadwick. The ceremony took place at St. George's, Hanover Square

Left : Lieut. R. McLeod, R.H.A., and Miss Camilla Fell, daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Fell, leaving Yateley Church after their wedding

Recalling a recent week-end at Le Touquet. Major Clive Burn, and Miss Stella Burn are seen below on the left, while immediately below are Mrs. Barry Mason, Mrs. C. J. Ashley, and Mr. H. D. Haggie

A Racing Reverie

The Stockton Meeting and Mr. Bullock

By "Regular"

fits at the stories of your adventures. The blonde girl in the Casino and the dark Dago on the beach may have been everything in the world to you, and we 're sure you did the only possible thing in doing what you did, but we 've got into plenty of troubles of our own since you 've been away, and what makes us extra sour is that we got no fun from them.

My latest bit of trouble took place at Stockton, and the cause of my fall was a brunette called Scarlet Tiger. The nicest part about Stockton was the chance was hardly likely to make him a popular hero, though the bookmakers naturally thought he was frightfully O.K., and to this day I believe many of them have his photograph on the mantelpiece.

Punters, though, never really cottoned to him, and the mere mention of the names of Bullock or Signorinetta was considered as evidence of ill-breeding that no self-respecting Edwardian lady or gentleman would be guilty of.

So, bit by bit, Bullock dropped out and was forgotten. I understand that he had reverted to "doing his two" in some remote corner of Yorkshire, but in this year of Grace 1933, Mr. Bullock returned to the fold or the herd, or whatever you like to call it.

Stockton's Summer Meeting—Among those Present

Top left: Mrs. Gordon Foster, Mr. W. M. T. Hustler, and Mr. W. E. Bigge

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Gilbey hoping to find a winner or two

Centre: Mr. Malcolm Hancock, the Judge, and Miss Armstrong

Above: Mr. C. F. Elsey, trainer, and Major C. Behrens, owner of Light Sussex, winner of the Great Northern Leger

This week we all go to York, for no one who could possibly help it would dream of missing the best-run meeting of the year. The racing, too, is invariably excellent, and all the smart people who 've been missing since Goodwood turn up again. Old scores are forgiven and pet aversions talk to pet aversions, holiday romances having caused them to forget what the row was about, and everyone is as jolly as jolly—for a day or two.

Personally, I welcome York more this year than ever before. Except for five grand days in Scotland, I haven't had a holiday, and, believe me, you haven't missed much, all you who 've been away. With the "going" like a film-star's heart, and everyone waiting for the rain to melt it, fields have dried up, and although, under those circumstances, you may think it ought to have been easy to back winners, you can take it from me it wasn't. Many a man who 's been going the rounds this month would have found it cheaper to have supported his wife, two gigolos, a speed-boat, a slab of rock to lie on, and an umbrella in the South of France.

We 're delighted to welcome all you bronzed heroes and heroines home again, but you will forgive us if we do not go into drive over the moors from Whitby. I never knew so much heather existed in all the world, or that anything could be so beautiful.

Stockton itself is not so hot. Nestling, as it does, so close to the picturesque town of Middlesbrough, it seems determined to put over a bit of beastliness all on its own, and I must say it succeeded very well, for the amount of dirt and dust flying about the paddock would have done credit to a far bigger and dirtier town.

Let me hand it, though, to the man or men who run the car-parks. I suggest that the gentlemen who insist on having such a game with us at Sandown should be made to live at Stockton to learn how they do it. I bet they 'd learn quick enough.

In the year 1908, about the time when my parents decided they couldn't stand that little beast in a sailor-suit about the place any more, and it was time he went to a private school, a very dreadful thing happened—the Derby was won by a 100 to 1 chance. Its name was Signorinetta.

The jockey who induced Signorinetta to put this stroke over was one W. Bullock. Bullock was never a very fashionable jockey, and winning the Derby on a 100 to 1

The first evidence we had that the old hands and hoofs had lost none of their cunning was when he won the Northumberland Plate on Leonard at 100 to 7. I don't speak Yorkshire very well, but I took the noise to mean that they were very pleased. The animal was trained at Malton by Charlie Elsey, and Yorkshiremen are so loyal that they would back a goat trained at Malton or Middleham if they thought Elsey or Peacock fancied it.

You and I, however, were not so enthusiastic, and those of us who were old enough remembered a certain day in June, 1908, when our dear Father had returned very flushed and talked very loud about selling

the Ancestral Hall, and our Mother had explained that " Your dear Father had had a serious reverse, and was not quite himself."

" THAT old beast Bullock 's up to his tricks again," we murmured, and wished that jockeys, like boxers, could never come back.

ALL this leads up to Scarlet Tiger. If any horse looked money for jam, he did. Lord Durham was there to see him do it, as were Trainer George and Assistant-trainer Cicely. This was good enough, we argued. They wouldn't run him unless they thought he 'd doddle it, and, what 's more, they 've left the kiddies alone at Brighton, so he must be a good thing.

IT seemed a shame to take the money (7 to 2 on). Most of us, however, overcame our scruples. A smart young man laid 700 to 200 on, while a hard-working journalist took 35 to 10. (" If worm can afford that sort of thing, wife may one day purchase new frock.")

THEY crawled along for a bit, so Carslake, on Scarlet Tiger, was forced to make his own running. In the straight, he was still in front, but I don't know who was most uneasy—Carslake, or those of us on the stands who 'd laid the odds.

SEEING this, old man Bullock took his more fortunate relation by the horns, and rushed Light Sussex up to him, and in a great finish, beat him by a head—and how Yorkshire roared !

FOUR to one on was no use to the man who bets in bobs, so they had supported the Yorkshire product, Light Sussex, at 6 to 1 against. Bullock's progress to the weighing-room was slow, as the crowd surged round him, cheering and clapping, for old Billy Bullock had brought gladness into the hearts of many a hard-working family from the mines and factories of Middlesbrough and Stockton.

BULLOCK, moreover, deserved every cheer he got. In a great finish, he held his own with Carslake. Higher praise I cannot offer him. You and I may not approve of Bullock's habit of coming up on outsiders and upsetting our preconceived ideas, but we must hand it to him—he can ride.

GOOD luck to you, Billy Bullock. The racing public did you a grave injustice in allowing you to drop out ; but, now that you 're back, may you ride plenty more winners, and perhaps one day one of them will be a favourite.

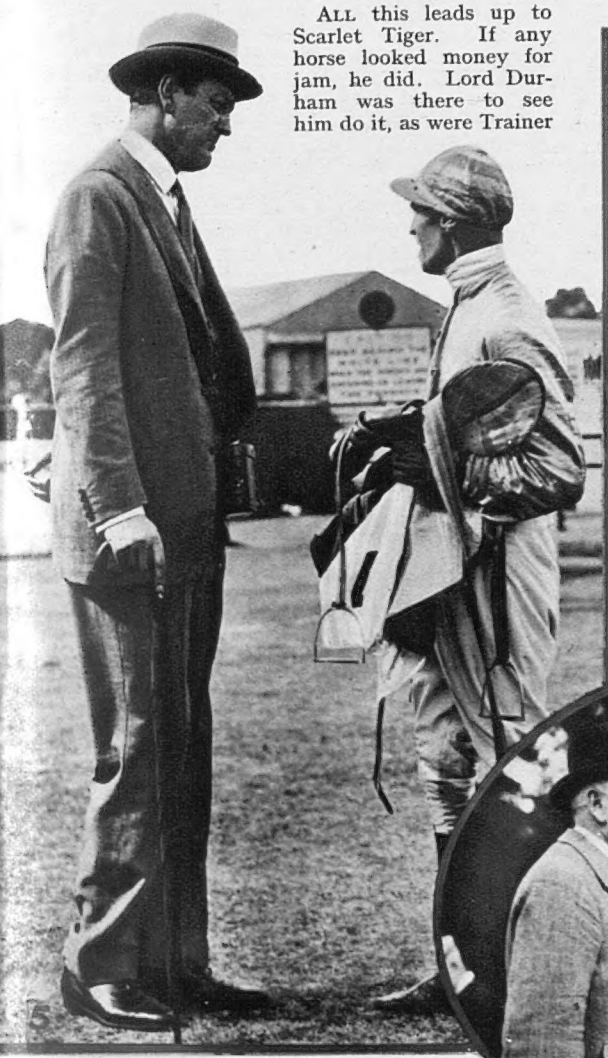
Wolverhampton Wanderers

Below, in oval : Colonel Sykes, Miss Platt and Miss Sykes

Below : Lord and Lady Lichfield

Centre, below : Lady Barbara Smith and the Hon. John Coventry

Right-hand corner, below : Miss Dugdale and Miss Liddel



Hurst Park Habitués

Above : Captain Boyd-Rochfort and the jockey, Joe Childs

Above, centre : Captain Jolliffe and Mr. and Mrs. Kemp-Welch

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Trifle from Ireland Opens the Autumn Season

Sketches by John Rouson

Out of the frying-pan into the fire! In other words, out of the river—out of the attempted suicide—into matrimony! Eddie Twohig's (Joseph Linnane) distress arouses love in the heart of Christine Lambert (Meriel Moore)

REFRESHED by two weeks of indolence, your correspondent is now ready, willing, and all braced up for the autumn barrage. Last Wednesday it fell to the lot of Mr. Sydney Carroll to fire the first shot. Mr. Carroll, having given us *Martine* and alfresco Shakespeare in Regent's Park, deserves the honour. Not even Mr. Cochran can double the rôles of entrepreneur and weather prophet.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?" by Lennox Robinson, who wrote *The Whiteheaded Boy*, comes to the Ambassadors from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and, as a light prelude to the heavy stuff to come, it will do very nicely. It is a good-humoured dig in the ribs of the highbrow, and so persuasive is the Irish brogue that nobody will cavil at its easy disregard of the probabilities. The author, in a disarming way, calls it "an exaggeration in three acts," and at that bit of blarney, strengthened by the hunch that, in Ireland, nothing is impossible at all, at all, no critical brick need be heaved.

THE play relates, from the landlord's sanctum in the Seaview Hotel, the disturbing effects of Uplift Drama on the population of Inish.

To attract the visitor, a Repertory Company, headed by the blue-chinned, frock-coated Hector de la Mare and his spouse, Constance Constantia, are engaged for the season at the local Pavilion. Their rehearsal of the Empty Cradle Scene from a turgid Russian drama (with a flower-pot deputising for the samovar) is too delectable a satire to be spoiled by the thought that this travelling actor-r-r and his buxom mate are leagues away from Tchehov and Strindberg on tour. Besides, Paul Farrell burlesques the old-time busker so wittily that you would be quite willing for him and Esme Biddle, with her "vibrations" and all, to run clean through their répertoire.

John Twohig (Harry Hutchinson), host of the Seaview Hotel, and his erstwhile friend, Peter Hurley (J. A. O'Rourke), an Irish M.P. who distinguishes himself in the Dail by voting against the Government

WHERE "The Comicalities" failed, from an excess of lowness, the Repertory Company draw the town. Inish, once happy and tolerant, plunges into introspective gloom and asks in Tchehovian tones—Is Life Worth Living? The butcher heaves an axe at his wife and, mercifully, misses. The hotel chambermaid rakes up a love-child from the past and the publican's sister-in-law invents a non-existent romance with the local T.D., who is so moved by "An Enemy of the People" that he votes against the Government in the Dail and throws them out of office. This unworthy traitor is our old friend J. A. O'Rourke, of whose voice and put-upon countenance one cannot have enough. A morbid youth seeks weed-killer for an irascible aunt. A young couple turn on the gas over a suicide pact and are saved by a lack of pennies in the slot. There is an epidemic of stepping off the pier (at low tide).

The publican's son, a rustic lout, refused by his Dublin girl-friend, affects horn-rims, reads Turgenev, and jumps off the rocks. But strong swimming is too much for weak living, and the young man ends up shivering happily in the arms of his beloved.

AS a shiverer and a simpleton, Joseph Linnane is a capital, natural comedian. Watch out for him. Harry Hutchinson is in brisk form as the publican, and each member of the cast adds effective atmospherics before the encircling gloom is dispelled by the dismissal of the highbrows and the arrival, amid sounding brass and belated sunshine, of a Circus. TRINCULO.

The tragedians, Hector de la Mare (Paul Farrell) and Constance Constantia (Esme Biddle), whose arrival is the prelude to strange doings at Inish

Caught by the Camera

on the Côte d'Azur

Bobby Howes sits in the stern and Mrs. Bobby Howes is in the bows. The famous comedian has been ordered a complete rest, so that is perhaps why he is allowing Cicely Courtneidge to do the work and row them about the Mediterranean

Right: Somerset Maugham by the side of his bathing-pool in the garden of his villa at Cap Ferrat. His new play, "Sheppy," will be seen at Wyndham's next month

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Leon. He is the only son of Sir George Leon, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1926. Mrs. Ronald Leon is the daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Standing, and is doubtless better known to the theatre-going public, thanks to stage and screen activities, as Kay Hammond

Miss Rosario Scrope, well known in racing circles, at Château de la Garoupe, Lord Aberconway's beautiful Riviera residence at Antibes, which has been taken by Sir John Leigh, who is entertaining a large party there during the summer season

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 13

Capt. "Jumbo" Jolliffe

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

RALPH LOWTHER ("JUMBO") JOLLIFFE is the largest one-man caterer in the country, and you can take that physically as well as financially. He is six-foot-four, weighs fifteen-stone-four, and provides the eats and drinks at Newmarket, Goodwood, Brighton, Newbury, Derby, and Chepstow races; at the Oval, the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and St. Ermine's Hotel; on the Newhaven-Dieppe Channel steamers, and the Central section of the Southern Railway.

"Jumbo's" career is a marvel. He went out to the South African War as a fully-fledged sapper in the Royal Engineers. On the way out, the troop-ship stopped at Madeira, where "Jumbo" spent twenty-five shillings on sherbet. This he sold to the men, first at a penny a glass and then at tuppence, with the result that he arrived at Cape Town with £8 15s. in his pocket.

DESPITE this brilliant début as a caterer, it did not occur to him for eighteen years to make a business of it. So on his return he joined the Leeds City Police Force. But after eleven months he entered the Blues as a trooper. This was in 1903, and he was still under twenty-one years of age. After only eleven years' service, he became the Squadron Corporal-Major and instructor of musketry.

In 1916 "Jumbo" got a commission in his own regiment. Until then his nickname had been "Peer Gynt," because of his love of music. But this was considered far too classical for an officer, and he was given his present moniker. Even in 1919 "Jumbo" had not had enough of war, and he joined the North Russian Expeditionary Force as an officer in the Slavo-British Legion (the old North Russian Cavalry) at Archangel. It was here, after eighteen years, that his talent for business asserted itself again. As a side-line to soldiering, he imported cheap jewellery from Birmingham and exchanged it for sables, silver foxes, and kolinskies, thus making twelve hundred pounds out of an initial outlay of eighteen pounds.

On his return he went on retired pay, and joined "Champagne Charlie" Labin, the Piccadilly wine merchant. Soon afterwards he met the late Sir Charles Cottier, chairman of Booth's Gin, and in June 1922 he became a traveller, visiting all the restaurants and public-houses in the West End. He was so successful at this that he was given the special post of Director of Supplies. In the following year, he was playing golf at Manchester when he received a telegram from Sir Charles Cottier suggesting that he should become an "alternate director" of Bertram and Co. This was the turning-point of his career. After a few months he became a full director. To-day he is chairman and managing director, as well as a director of Booth's.

He is now a race-horse owner. Every winter he goes to India to shoot panthers and tigers. He has a hooked nose, blue-green eyes, a moustache, and a preference for Wensleydale Cheese, with the right kind of vintage port over everything else eatable, and, finally, he affords the proof of the fallacy that, because a man has been in the Regular Army, he is no good for business.

• STANDING • BY . . .

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

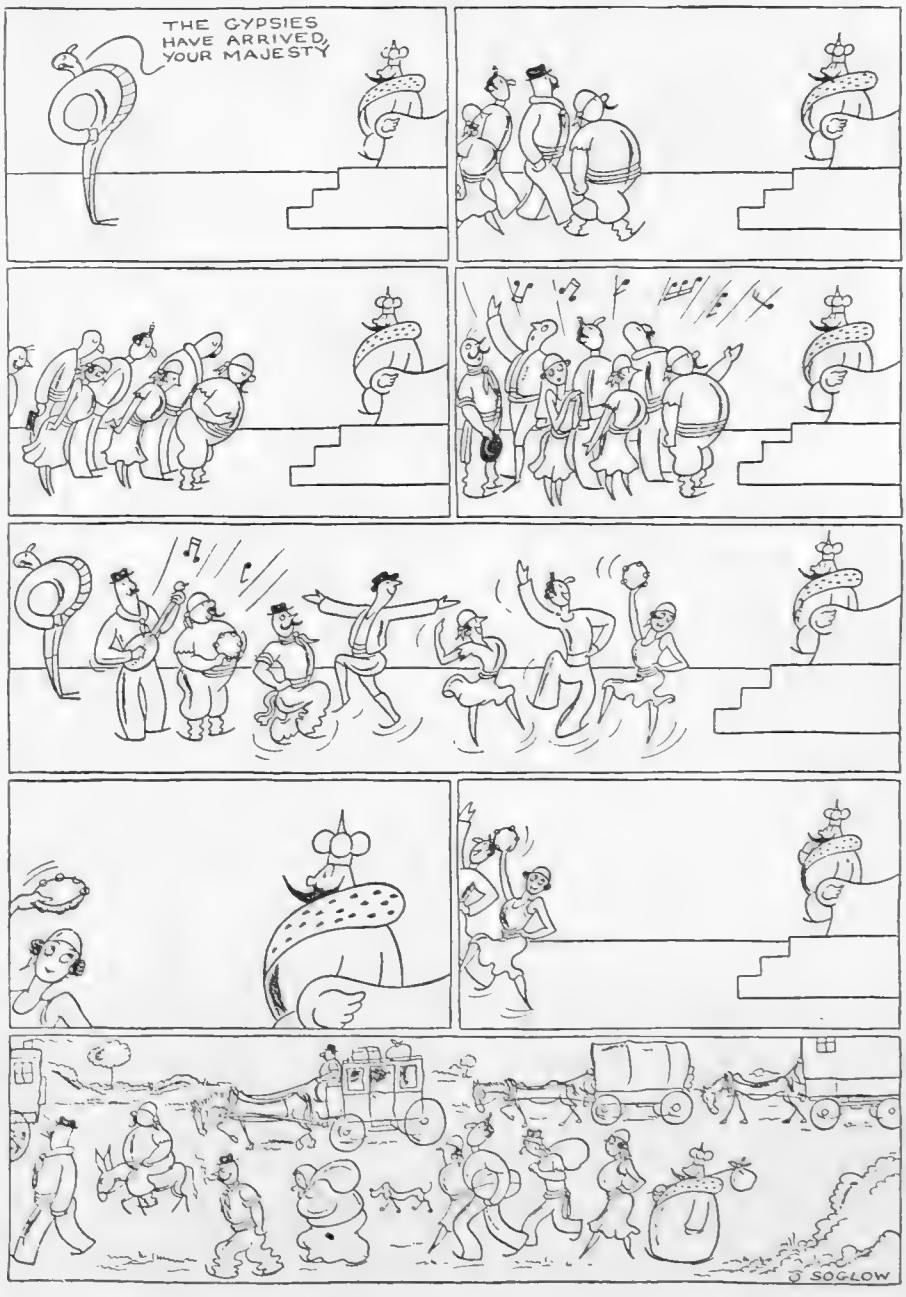
By "THE BYSTANDERS"

Right: Ketti Gallian, the young French actress who is appearing in the aviation play, "The Ace," now being played at the Lyric Theatre

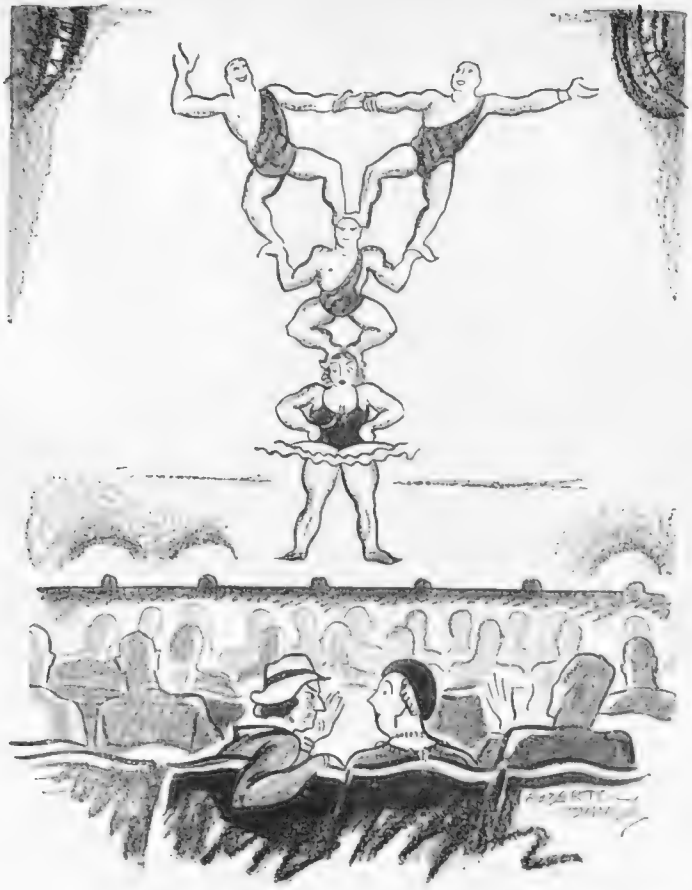
A GENIUS called Mr. Harry Knight recently walked out of prison with a satchel containing one thousand songs, composed by himself in the course of a five-years' sentence. Knight can neither read nor write music, and, until he started whistling in his cell, had no idea he was a composer (maybe he 's wrong even now !). A fellow prisoner wrote the songs down for him—and here he is, satchel and all, a thousand songs ahead of neurotic old maestros like ourselves, who have no nice quiet prison to do our composing in, but have to dash off our occasional harmonies in the flat, between times. In his ignorance of music, composer Knight is a serious rival to Philip Ridgeway, the theatrical chap. Ridgeway, whose name figures as composer on the covers of several contemporary folk-songs, can't read, write, or play music either. He thinks up his songs in the bath, then sings them into a dictaphone. The record is sent along to a girl, who writes the song down; which makes us think that Beethoven, Schubert, and the other boys who spent years in conservatoires studying how to write were altogether too fussy.

WE still receive reports on the Tudor-mindedness of business men. In Birmingham there is a Bagge Shoppe; in Hampshire, a road-house known as "Good Grubbe"; and in Surrey another entitled "Ye Poppe Inne." In the wild country between Baker Street and Portland Place lurks "Ye Home Produce Shoppe," with a tiny notice in its window saying: "All meat imported unless otherwise stated." And if we may dart off at a tangent, there 's a hotel Weybridge-way that has a bill-board with its name on it at the foot of the drive, and underneath this another notice: "Dead Slow."

THE B.B.C. seems to be invading the show business these days. Last week the Queen's Hall "Proms" were pulling in audiences of 1500 to 2000, while at Olympia the two nightly shows in the Broadcasting Theatre drew 4700 (capacity) between them. Theatre Managers' Association sent along a protest against these Olympian activities of an organisation which, they claimed, had no right to go stealing audiences. George Black, of the



Here He Is Again !



". . . and she used to be such a sweet *little thing!"*

General Theatres-Moss Empires outfit, was to be seen in the Broadcasting theatre, quizzing his hated rivals' efforts. He 's a stooge, that man ; keeps saying broadcasting 's no use to him, then tops his bills with Elsie Carlisle, Christopher Stone, etc. He 's got the B.B.C.'s recent " America Calling ! " show booked for the Palladium in November, and, after the Olympia première, offered a large price for the loan of Henry Hall. The theatre built by the Radio Manufacturers for Sir John Reith's boys was a phenomenal affair—a cross between the Coliseum and the marquee from the flower-show. It took four days to build, flourished nine days, came down in two, held 2350 people at a time. Back seats in the circle were 217 feet from the stage, so that the performers, from there, looked about as large as Professor English's performing fleas. Audiences didn't seem to mind, though. Radio fans were content with flea-sized impressions of the artists they usually hear without seeing.

Mr. Justice Humphreys' summing-up in the Great Fire Conspiracy Trial lasted for thirteen hours, and is said to have totalled 100,000 words. This is longer than the text of the average novel ; most library books come out around 85,000 words, though Messrs. Charles Dickens, Honoré Balzac, Leo Tolstoy, and Jack Priestley have exceeded the 200,000 mark. Stage plays do not usually contain more than 20,000 words. That gives you some idea of the magnitude of the Judge's performance. The recent case was the longest and costliest ever heard at the Old Bailey ; fantastic, too, in its revelation of the strange things that go on beneath the surface of this tame, convenient civilisation of ours. Quaintest fact that reached this department during the case came from a friend's chauffeur. He told us that the Rolls-Royce belonging to Mr. Leopold Louis Harris (fourteen years), which he saw frequently in garage, had for some time carried a silver mascot on its bonnet. Mascot took the shape of a miniature fireman.

Much has been written about the Korda film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. The general opinion seems to be that this is a great picture which will earn the £90,000 spent on it—and more. After the shooting of one tense scene, the participants departed for lunch, leaving Charles Laughton still stamping to and fro about the studio, unable to shake out of the emotional tangle he 'd worked himself into. An electrician, seeing Laughton on the prowl, asked his mate what was the matter with the " bloke with the beaver." " Don't worry about 'im," was the reply, " 'e 's all right. 'E 's just 'eard that Culpepper 's been mucking about with the Queen ! "

The removal of the peep-shows from Brighton's piers was regrettable (we regretted this, you may recall, last week in a pair of ornate paragraphs), but the decision of the Folies-Bergère to " go over to the talkies " is tragic. The tragedy was, like all good tragedies, inevitable. A theatre cannot compete with a world—and if, as someone once remarked, the world's a stage, then the current production on that stage is a Folies-Bergère show on a cosmic scale; the immodesty of that dear and dusty playhouse had long since paled to nothing beside the general immodesty of the day. Modesty, while it lasted, was an admirable virtue (if for no other reason), because it lent a certain

The clever young Scottish dancer, " Eve," who is appearing in Charles B. Cochran's production of " Nymph Errant," which will be first seen in Manchester on September 11th

Wm. Davis

Above: fore and aft studies of Rosi Barsony, the famous German star who takes the leading part in "Ball in Savoy," which opens at Drury Lane on September 7th. She played the same character when this musical play was performed in Berlin and was the hit of the season

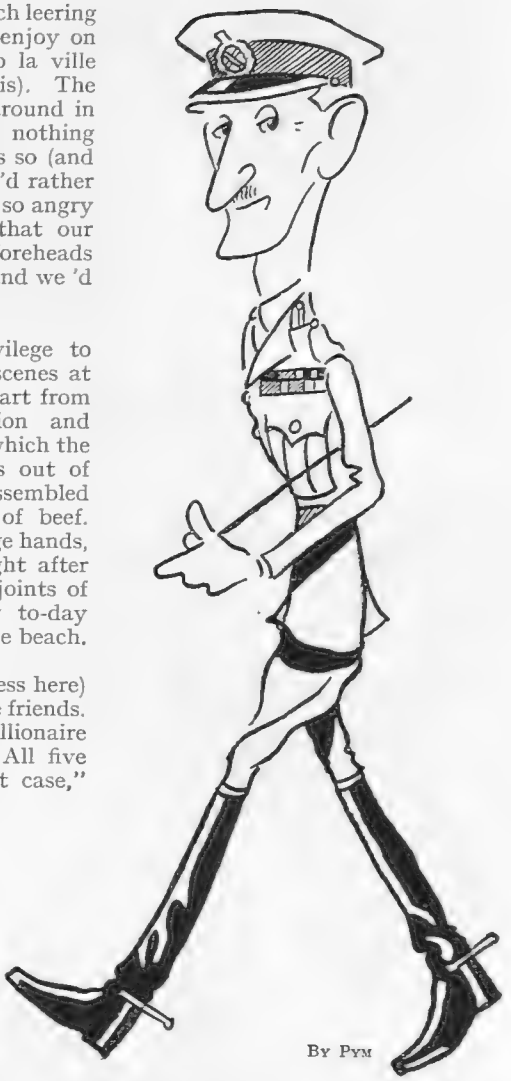
Right: the Unknown Knight (Conrad Veidt) and Joanne de Beaudricourt (Anne Grey), who "succumbs to his fascinations," in the film version of "The Wandering Jew"

dramatic value to the immodesty which leering old rakehells like ourselves used to enjoy on the occasion of our annual visits to la ville lumière ("town of light"—i.e., Paris). The repulsive younger generation hikes around in shorts, proclaiming that "there 's nothing shameful about sex." Well, if that 's so (and we doubt it), they can keep sex; we 'd rather have a nice cup of cocoa. We 're just so angry about the Folies-Bergère closing that our hands are twitching, the veins on our foreheads are standing out like knotted ropes, and we 'd like to hit someone.

MANY years ago it was our privilege to spend an evening behind the scenes at the Folies. What struck us most, apart from the mingled aromas of perspiration and patchouli, was the nonchalance with which the stage hands pushed the nude ladies out of their way, as casually as though the assembled Venuses had been so many joints of beef. The truth, of course, is that to the stage hands, who 'd bumped up against them night after night, the ladies *were* just so many joints of beef. We ourselves feel that way to-day about the blistered nudes we see on the beach.

THE other day a millionaire (nameless here) arrived at a riverside pub with five friends. Taking his party into the bar, the millionaire asked them to name their drinks. All five chose "gin and Italian." "In that case," said the rich man, "let 's be going! I 've got 'gin and Italian' at home." This story, borne to us by an eye-witness, strikes us as one of the most repulsive of the year!

WE are intrigued by the activities of a body that styles itself the "Tramcar and Omnibus Scriptural Text Mission." All we know about the Mission is that it very occasionally posts up a text



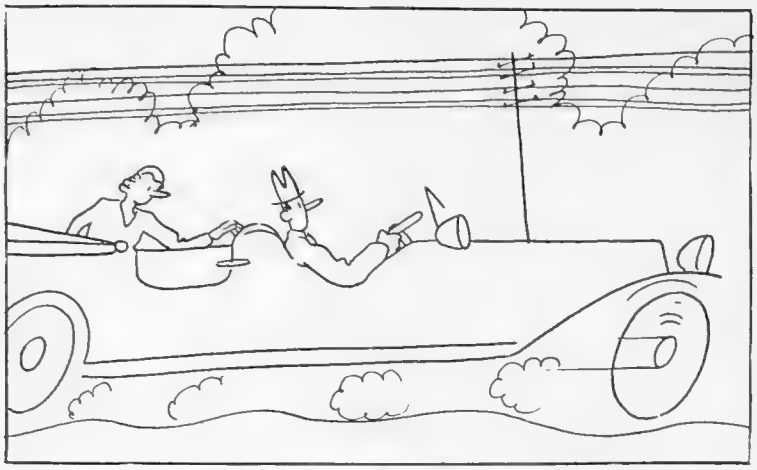
By Pym

Aldershot Personalities—No. 9

Major - General H. C. Jackson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., 2nd Division

among the cigarette and fruit-salt advertisements in tube trains and has offices in Charterhouse Square. It would be possible, no doubt, to learn more by the simple expedient of enquiring at headquarters, but the missionaries aren't on the telephone, and where 's Charterhouse Square, anyway? It is fascinating to speculate on the original motives of an organisation that is out to save the world through the medium of omnibus and tram. Were its founders of the opinion that mankind is at its most receptive when in a state of transit? The other day, between Charing Cross and Victoria, we saw an elderly gentleman of intemperate appearance staring up at one of the Mission's latest texts; mumbling, too, as he stared. Impressed by what we imagined to be a clear case of conversion, we leaned across to catch his words. Convert was solemnly repeating the names of the stations along the line. "Sloane Square," he said, "South Kensington, Earl's Court," then added, angry with himself, "no, no, *no*—Gloucester Road!"

THINGS are improving in Hollywood—and the trains bound east will soon be laden with



"*Do be . . .*

. . . careful, dear!"

VIVE LE SPORT!

No. 7.—Lord Lonsdale

LORD LONSDALE keeps bright yellow cars
And knows a lot about cigars,
Of course;
But what is it he likes the best
And seeks to foster with a zest
And ardour that will never rest,
But takes him north, south, east, and west
In following his loving quest?
The answer's very simply guessed—
THE HORSE.

Lord Lonsdale would, I have no doubt,
See trains and airplanes pass without
Remorse;
But I am very sure that he
Would be as sorry as can be
And grieve to an intense degree
If, by some horrible decree,
They placed a ban on every "gee"
So that no longer he might see
THE HORSE.

For good Lord Lonsdale, be it said,
Finds in that noble quadruped
A source
Of holy joy, and so the Bay,
The Chestnut, Piebald, Roan, and Grey,
The Hack, the Hunter, and the Dray
Are benefited by the way
He studies them at work and play,
For he has glorified to-day
THE HORSE. *B. W.*

palmists, crystal-gazers, yogis, graphologists, astrologers, and other magicians, heading for greener pastures. Film actors are superstitious children. When the crash came and the studios began to close down, the stars grew fearful of the future; fled helter-skelter to any ten-dollar alchemist who'd enough black velvet around his office to convince a superstitious child that he must be plugged straight through to the Infinite. Fortune-telling became a racket; any rogue who could master the patter claimed psychic powers; as many fortunes were made as told. Neatest trick of the lot was put over by an Englishman who rented a room off Hollywood Boulevard and set up as a Body Reader. If phrenologists could read things in the shape of the head, he guaranteed to read a whole lot more in the shape of the body, which, being larger and having more bumps to it, was a mine of information to those learned in the lost Hindu art of Body Reading. Hollywood being Hollywood, this piece of nonsense worked wonders. The Body Reader charged fifty dollars a session and insisted that his subjects removed every stitch of clothing. Quite a lot of good-looking girls whose names you read outside cinemas came along for a body-reading. There were one or two fights, but when we last heard of it—in June last year—the business was doing well.

MENTION further back of the Radio Exhibition reminds us that one night during the recent show we shared a homeward taxi with Mr. Burnham, Big Chief of the radio industry. It's a miracle that we remember this midnight journey, for the ride was prefaced by a bout of hospitality at the hands of Alec Moodie, Secretary of the R.M.A., a Bonaparte among exhibition organisers (or should it be exhibitionists?), who has staved off many an Elba and several Waterloos with a hearty "What'll ya have?" The story of Burnham and the Burndept business goes way back into the Dark Ages of radio (which reminds us—we seem to be in a frenzy of reminiscence—that someone had better write a history of British Broadcasting!). Before the war, our friend Burnham was in the electric-sign business. Between 1914 and 1918, in the process of making munitions, he received a Government contract for wireless components. This interested him for the first time in radio; left him with a feeling that the Senatore's durned old invention might have domestic possibilities. Round about 1920, three years before the Devil had even thought of the B.B.C., he (Burnham, not the Devil!) was transmitting Sunday concerts from the drawing-room of the Burnham home. Mrs. B. played the piano, with a microphone wrapped up in a flannel shirt hidden under the lid, while Mr. B. was upstairs tending the transmitter. Friends learned that these home-brewed musicales could be picked up out of the ether; began to order radio sets which Burnham made in his factory and supplied at a small profit. Thus arose what is to-day one of the largest businesses in the industry. Within a few months P. P. Eckersley and the Marconi people were broadcasting from Writtle—and now, only twelve years later, there are over 5,500,000 holders of wireless licences in this country and more than 1000 people employed at Broadcasting House, while the Radio Exhibition of 1933 attracted over 47,000 visitors in a single day. There must be thousands of people, too, who could gladly kick Mr. B. for ever having started the thing!

THE BYSTANDERS

The eighth of the twenty "Bystander" cruise photographs, in which the passenger encircled, when he discovers himself, secures a lucky guinea if he writes in and gives his name and address. The photograph was taken on the deck of the s.s. Lapland, of the Red Star Line

Stern Caledonia Unbends

The Attractions of Gatherings and Grouse

In the Forest of Birse

The Hon. John Pearson, only son of Viscount Cowdray, is entertaining a party near Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, and he is seen above with his sister, the Hon. Brenda Pearson, in one of the butts

Captain Sir John Stewart Forbes, Bt., of Newe, Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, arriving with his fiancée, Miss Agnes Wilson-Farquharson, of Allargue, Congariff, at the Lonach Gathering. Sir John is chief of the Lonach Clan

In circle. The Hon. Charles Wood shooting in the Forest of Birse; and, above, Lord and Lady Knollys, who were present at the Crieff, Perthshire, Highland Gathering

The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell, daughter-in-law of Viscount Boyne, and Mr. G. Anthony Murray, guests at the Hon. John Pearson's party shooting in the Forest of Birse

Left: Mrs. Robert Parker, Sir Landon Ronald, and Mme. Florence Easton at the inaugural luncheon of the Metropolitan Opera Company at the Waldorf Hotel, when many famous operatic stars were present

An Inaugural Luncheon

Mr. Robert Parker, the well-known operatic baritone, who is creating a new organisation under the title of the Metropolitan Opera Company, for which many very well-known artists have been engaged

Music and all That . . .

Elgar, Opera—and Stoll

By "Melos"

IT was inevitable that an opera company composed of British artists should crop up sooner or later, when it became obvious that the condition of suspended animation (with more suspense than animation about it) in which the Covent Garden Syndicate found itself would be indefinitely prolonged.

The Syndicate certainly sent out a touring company some time ago. But one of the first effects of the hatchet-burying and hand-shaking which was going to show that "union is strength," even in the operatic world, was for a tour to be cancelled. Singers who know their job in opera cannot live on concert and radio engagements alone, with an occasional possibility for some of them of work in a play or a film. At any rate, if they can, they do not wish to do so. So with this "floating population" of such admirable folk, as Walter Widdop, Parry Jones, Miriam Licette, Norman Allin, and others, something had to be done.

I congratulate the American baritone, Robert Parker, of the rolling "r's," on his organisation, ability, and pluck.

R-R-ROBER-RT PAR-R-KER-R-R has a fine, if rather rough, voice, and used to sing Hans Sachs and Wotan at Covent Garden, later straying to comic opera, for he appeared as the wicked duke in Messager's delicious *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Here, by the way, is a work that would surely revive; it has far better music in it than there is in any of the present flood of German-American importations.

I DOUBT if it is wise to rely solely on Wagner and to take *The Ring* on tour, which is to be the policy of the new company. It is true that Wagner is a draw; but to bank on the attractiveness of *Götterdämmerung* performed, as it will have to be, with limited resources is asking for trouble. Some Verdi and Puccini—just one opera by each—would be a wise inclusion, both as a stand-by and as a leavening.

Perhaps Major Loudoun Greenlees, late of the Scots Guards, who is "behind" the venture, will give this point his attention; he has plenty of experience, for he was a director of a previous Covent Garden syndicate. He is also a good singer, and may yet achieve the record of being the first officer of the Brigade to sing in grand opera. The nearest approach is Arthur Bliss, the composer and conductor, who was a captain in the Grenadiers.

A SON of Sir Oswald Stoll has been conducting the orchestra at the Alhambra. The paternal blessing went to the extent of an announcement in the daily Press—in the theatre and opera column—to the effect that the Bach Suite in G would be "conducted by Dennis Stoll, 2nd year undergraduate Christ's College, Cambridge. Examinations passed: Economics and Music."

Well, that is all the better for the various advertisement departments, and does no one any harm except Mr. Stoll himself, whom it renders slightly ridiculous; for the bulk of that information has no more bearing on the entertainment in question, and no more general interest, than an account of what this youth had for breakfast or how much per pair he paid for his shoes. Mr. Stoll's method of conducting suggested to me that he may be quite a good economist. He has some way to go before he wins his spurs. And, frankly, this is not the way to set about winning them.

THE dancing programme consisted of a revival of the *Prince Igor* dances, by Borodin, who passed in chemistry as well as music in St. Petersburg, where he was a student at the University of Medicine. This was not danced with quite the same barbaric vigour as in the old days.

But the *Lac des Cygnes* of Tchaikowsky (passed School of Jurisprudence at St. Petersburg; Hon. Doctor of Music, Cambridge; Member of the Academie Française) proved as exquisite as ever, and a merry interlude was the now popular *Scuola di Ballo* of Cherubini (passed in music under Sarti of Bologna; Chevalier of the Legion of Honour; Director of the Paris Conservatoire).

After all that I was driven home by a taxi-man who informed me that he had spent more than two years at one of the L.C.C. Schools near Upper Street, Islington.

IT is always impressive to see Sir Edward Elgar climb—rather slowly now, for he is in his seventy-sixth year—to the rostrum to conduct his own music. His reception at the Queen's Hall the other night was rapturous, and the performance of his Second Symphony was the first big occasion of the present season of "Proms."

Elgar's music is like the man himself—dignified, warmly human, sincere, and essentially nobilmente. Under his characteristic beat (which is not entirely happy with music other than his own), it becomes something memorable and something *personal*. The two symphonies, the *Enigma Variations* and *The Dream of Gerontius*, will live for ever as some of the greatest music not only England, but the world has ever produced. Those of us who have heard them under the composer's direction have had an experience worth treasuring.

RAVEL'S new Piano Concerto, which dates from last year only, is a jazzy, piquant, clever, and rather impudent little work, which figured in sharp contrast on the same programme. Here is ephemeral music which is good fun for a while, but seems to have no reality at all. Mlle. Marcelle Meyer overcame its extreme difficulties, and so did Sir Henry Wood, who had a tricky job conducting it.

The "Proms" programme this year seems to me both sensible and comprehensive. Yet here is one of our most eminent critics complaining about the inclusion of Sibelius, railing at Bach, grumbling about Wagner, being rude about Ravel and Vaughan Williams, and, apparently, finding grace only in Berlioz. Golly!

DUNLOP
DUNLOP
DT 1933
C.F.H.

Delirious Dialogues: No. 24. Augustus John and Winston Churchill

Depicted by Bovey

Augustus: *How goes the painting?*
Winston: *I've given it up for the moment. I'm more interested in black and white, but I find Indian ink a most difficult medium.*
Augustus: *Such a medium as black and white should produce a spirited drawing.*
Winston: *Yet many people don't like the pictures I draw with it. They say they are too sombre.*
Augustus: *Take no notice of the critics. I never do.*
Winston: *I'm a bit of a critic myself, you see.*
Augustus: *If you want your art taken seriously you should dress the part.*
Winston *There's my hat.*
Augustus: *If you'll excuse my saying so, that hat's more suited to a bricklayer.*
Winston: *No excuse necessary. Bricklaying is another of my accomplishments.*
Augustus: *Is there anything you can't do?*
Winston *Modesty forbids my answering that question.*
Augustus: *Well, my son's a bit of a boxer; he'll be here in a moment. Perhaps you'd like to . . .*
Winston: *(Hurriedly) Good morning!*

A Flight of Fancy

Film Stars in the Production of "Paris Plane" at Shepperton

Above: John Loder has a few moments' relaxation in the grounds of Sound City, where the new film, "Paris Plane," directed by John Paddy Carstairs, is receiving final touches. Barrie Livesey, Juelie Suedo, and Allan Jeayes figure in the cast, as well as Molly Lamont, seen in the picture on the left

Left: John Loder, here seen at work with Molly Lamont in "Paris Plane." The action of the story takes place in an Imperial Airways' liner flying between Croydon and Le Bourget. A man who has committed a murder is among the passengers, who are all suspected in turn and the problem for the audience is to find the culprit

Children of the (Biar) Ritz

Basque in the Mid-day Sun

A view of one of the refreshment bars on the front at Biarritz, where bathers and non-bathers indulge in the usual aperitif

Above: a group on the beach, including Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, Baron de Segur, Mr. Rediker, the Marques de Marino, Miss Jessie Story, and the Marquesa de Marino

"When on my three-foot stool I sit"

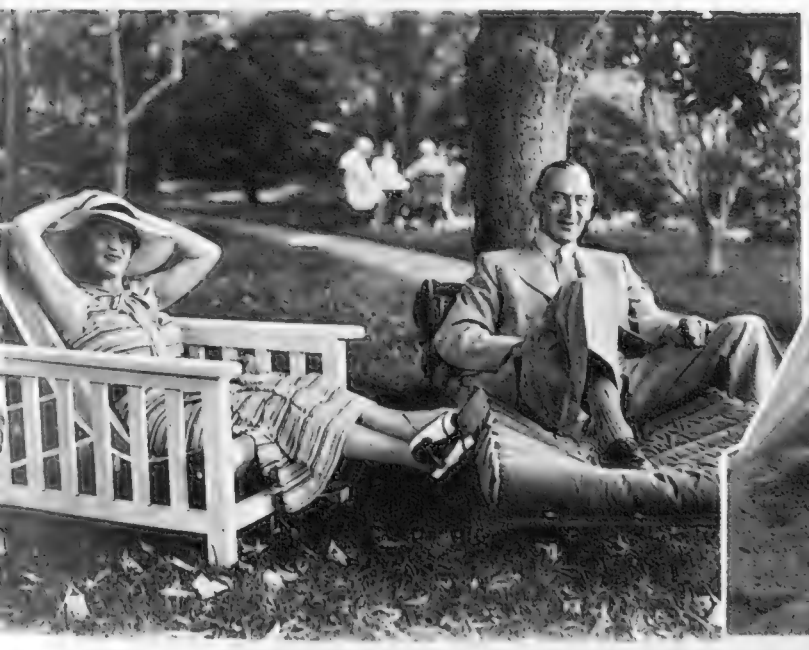
Left: Miss Sonia Converse and Mme. Provatorov while intent upon reading, provide a "counter" attraction

Right: the Marquesa de Portago sits for her photograph with her Sealyham, who appears less willing to oblige the operator

Miss "Baby" Whitaker in a striking dress, reminiscent of Shakespeare's spotted snake, and a sheltering hat, by the bathing-pool

Mrs. Gordon Claridge, on the other hand, is taking no chances, and, after bathing, adopts a huge sombrero, a type of headgear which is very much in vogue at Biarritz

Miss Winifred Paget and Mr. J. N. Tinker, going for a stroll, brave the rays of the sun



Commander and Mrs. Redmond McGrath at a garden-party given by the Marquesa de Portago in aid of the Church at Biarritz at the Villa Mohernando, the home of the Marques and Marquesa, standing in twelve acres of grounds at Angles, a suburb of Biarritz

Miss Florence Owen and Miss Lucille Brocaw, the American heiress, find a cool spot on the beach. Biarritz is enjoying a good season, and the presence of the Prince of Wales in the neighbourhood recalls how popular it was in the past with Royalty

All Points of the

Richardson

The Marchioness of Cambridge (seen on the right) and Mrs. J. Gosden seek advice about form from a friend at Hurst Park Races

Polo at Dunster. H.H. the M Jaipur, Miss Harrison Broad Profumo, Miss E. Profumo, M (standing), Rao Raja Hanut Mr. Dick Carr take tea after the team had played the West

Poole, Dublin

The Marchioness of Headford with her grandchildren, Lady Olivia Taylour (left) and Lord Kenlis (right), taken at Virginia Park, County Cavan, the home of the Earl and Countess of Bective, parents of the children

Richardson

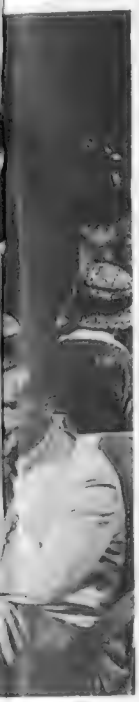
The Hon. F. D. Howard and the Hon. Miss Fraser, sister of Lord Lovat, who were present at the Ullswater Sheep Dog Trials and Terrier Show

Above: Miss Sheila Ro the Rajah of Rajpipla's the Deauville Races, whi

Left: Miss Rosemary Ph de San Rafael at the Miss Dodge is the daugh

ompass

England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and France As Well



*haharajah of
, Miss M.
r. Profumo
Singh, and
Maharajah's
f England*

Douglas Fairbanks, film-star, Mrs. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese diplomat, and Captain Jefferson Cohen, the well-known racehorse owner, proving that West does meet East, in the garden of Captain Cohen's house in Paris

The Hon. Mrs. Murray, one of the guns at the Hon. John Pearson's shooting-party over the moors in the Forest of Birse, near Aboyne, Aberdeenshire. Further photographs of personalities at this party appear on page 381

*he, an attractive member of
rty, which he gave to witness
always attract a big crowd*

Colonel David Lynch and his daughter, Valerie, trying the waters at Llandrindod Wells, where the Colonel has gone for a cure. He served in the South African and European wars and is interested in hunting and polo

It seems almost sacrilege, but this photograph proves that Miss Laura Bonham-Carter and Princess Priscilla Bibesco were actually playing "Bif-Bat" on the links at North Berwick, which are surely sacred to golf

*ps Dodge and the Marquise
hambre d'Amour, Biarritz.
r of the American diplomat*

Westminster Whispers

Round the Constituencies: No. 5. Sussex

By

"BIG BEN" on Tour

Sketches by David Wilson

WHEN William from Normandy landed in Sussex, his reception was hardly calculated to make him stay. But he did: the charms of the county were irresistible then. He fell to the same attractions that to-day go on pulling us back year after year to the old scenes and places that, foreigners, we have yet grown to love.

NOTHING has struck me so much on my tour from Cornwall to Sussex as the strength of local patriotism and the pride taken in local history. I do not believe that anyone who has not made such a tour can have any idea of the extent of this feeling, how to hundreds of men and women it means more to have been born in Sussex than in England. It is a source of strength in the nation, and it has remained unscarred by the ever-deepening inroads made by London and the industrial towns.

SUSSEX, more than any other county, is the county of holidays at the sea; so much so that Sussex, to innumerable people, is the strip of coast from Worthing to Hastings, the hinterland of Brighton and Eastbourne. Brighton and Eastbourne, Bognor and Littlehampton, have their attractions for me, not the least of which is that they have developed individualities of their own; but they are not truly part of Sussex, as Sussex is not truly part of them. Is it to be wondered at? These places rely for their prosperity, for their very existence, on strangers. They cater for them. Their whole outlook is different, it must be, from the places where the men of Sussex live on their own for themselves and don't give a cuss for anyone.

I WOULD say to all the holiday-makers along the coast: "Go ahead; enjoy yourselves; have a good time. That is what you are there for. But don't imagine you are in Sussex or getting to know Sussex. If you want to do that, go inland towards Lewes and Chichester or towards Winchelsea and Rye; to the villages and farms—keep away from the main roads—and discover Sussex for yourselves. It is the only way, and it is worth doing."

BIG estates, great landowners, old families there are still, but it is also the county of adoption. It welcomes the newcomers and gives them a home, knowing that in a few years they will be as devotedly of Sussex as any native-born.

MAJOR COURTAULD is Sussex by adoption. He was born in Essex, but he lives now near Petworth. His sense of service drove him into Parliament, and I do not think his personal inclinations would keep him there a moment if he were to consult only himself. But he is imbued with the same spirit that inspires all the Courtauld family of duty towards their neighbours. Lord Edmund Talbot used to sit for the seat, and Major Courtauld is a purveyor of his brand of Toryism. In the House he speaks very seldom; when he does, what he says is sensible and brief.

HIS colleague in the other West Sussex seat, Horsham, is Lord Winterton, who has been member for the Division since 1904. He is a Sussex man through and through. To-day he is the enigma of politics. For years the darling of the Die-hards, once Parliamentary Secretary to Joseph Chamberlain, a great individualist never afraid to speak his own mind, a fearless opponent of the mugwumps of politics and the Press, he has turned out a supporter of the White Paper. When he was Under-Secretary for India, he justified a promotion that might well have come to him sooner, and lately his name has been rumoured in connection with a high Indian appointment; but so far without any foundation of fact.

HE has been, in his own words, "a journalist, editor, M.P., a Junior Minister of the Crown, Master of Foxhounds, traveller, a peace- and war-time soldier, farmer, and director of a company." He has always stood on his own feet (though, in fact, when he is making a speech he prefers one foot to two). Yet he deplores "the maddening complacency in this country about our own institutions," and suggests we should want to become a popular people in the world to-day. Surprising sentiments for one to express who has certainly never shown that he was worried by public opinion. He seems to hanker after "the mental agility of the French and the artistic perception of the Italians."

SIR GEORGE COURTHOPE is another Sussex man, but he is a lucky man besides, for he sits for Rye, which, surely, is one of the beauties of the world not to be missed in a materialist and machine age. He won the seat in 1906 after a Liberal surprise intrusion in 1903, and he has held it increasingly successfully ever since. Last session he gave an

account of the work of the Forestry Commission that captivated a House of Commons which to date has not been able to see trees for the wood. Members were delighted that one department at least was splendidly minding its own business and was not overshadowed by the immensity of world problems. To Sir George a large share of the praise is due.

Most of us, I am afraid, only think of Lewes as the place where we begin to be restive before arriving at Newhaven for our cross-Channel trips; we have vague memories of a castle and of a battle. The fact that it is the capital of the county of Sussex and the centre of a Parliamentary Division has probably never occurred to us. We don't seem to hear much about it. It is content within itself—England's great characteristic, and it is our fault if we pass it by. Their members have been truly representative of that attitude: distinguished men who have remained, and contentedly so, doing their job of work, comparatively in the background.

Sir William Campion, a great Sussex son, sat for Lewes from 1910 to 1924, when he became Governor of West Australia. His successor was Admiral Beamish, another Sussex man. He lived in the next door constituency. And now there is Captain Loder, who was in Parliament from 1924 to 1929 for East Leicester, and who deserves to be much better known than he is. The only notoriety he has ever obtained was his participation in a book with Messrs. Oliver Stanley, Robert Boothby, and Harold Macmillan, young Tories striving after an industrial philosophy. If he does not deliberately eschew it, I do not see how in the future he can avoid much more.

Of all the Sussex seats, East Grinstead is perhaps the best known to Londoners, for it is to within its boundaries that most of them motor out for dinner in the hot weather. Moreover, at the week-ends there is the golf at Crowborough, where, incidentally, the Parliamentary sides have had many a tussle. Sir Henry Cautley, although he is a Yorkshireman, could not have minded leaving Leeds in 1906, when he was defeated, for the Sussex Division, which he has represented now ever since 1910. He is that most envied of men, a Bencher of his Inn, and, though he lives at Lindfield, as Recorder of Sunderland he still has connections with the North.

Mr. Slater, Lord Eustace Percy, and Sir Cooper Rawson and Major Tryon represent the three big seaside towns, Eastbourne, Hastings, and Brighton. Brighton has the immense electorate of 130,000, and the distinction of giving its members in 1931—the election of phenomenal majorities—the biggest majorities of all throughout the United Kingdom, mere trifles of sixty thousand apiece. Major Tryon has been there since 1910; he was unlucky in 1906, when, astonishingly, Brighton returned two Liberals. He used to lead Sir Cooper Rawson in the poll, but in 1929 and 1931 Sir Cooper turned the tables. They both, by the way, defeated Mr. Runciman in 1923. Major Tryon has made the Ministry of Pensions his preserve since 1920, he and

Mr. F. O. Roberts, the Socialist, playing Box and Cox.

Eastbourne, from 1910 to 1913, had Mr. Rupert Gwynne as its member, who made a reputation for himself in the Home Rule controversy, and in the dark days of the Conservative Party, before the war, did as much as any man to keep the flame of Toryism bright. Lord Lloyd succeeded him for a year until he went to Egypt—what a loss he is to the Commons to-day!—then Sir Reginald Hall, whose political services have too often been under-estimated; then Edward Marjoribanks, who in three years had raised such expectations of his future that no one dared to ignore him: more than can be said of most other young men of his age and experience.

Mr. Slater, who was returned unopposed on Mr. Marjoribanks' death, is of a different cut from his predecessors, but the pertinacity which has made a fortune for him is now whole-heartedly devoted to the interests of the town, and Eastbourne respects him for it. He is a blunt man of business, and he doesn't pretend to be anything else. He comes from the North, but he has made Eastbourne his home, and that he is its member gives him intense satisfaction.

Lord Eustace Percy and Mr. Slater are as different from each other as the proverbial chalk from cheese. The member for Hastings, which once turned out the present Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, has all the Percys' Toryism in his blood, with an added streak of individualism. Sometimes one has the impression that the man of action in him is fighting a losing battle. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that his book on political philosophy is taken by some young men as their political Bible. He likes to look ahead, but he is oppressed by the magnitude of modern problems. He has slipped for the moment from the front row of politics, but he is still under fifty, and if he has the will he may climb back again, and higher. Hastings, at any rate, will never let him down.

Next Week:

KENT

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

GANDHI and his fasts having been featuring in the news of the world again lately, it seemed to be the moment for the "Gandhi" of the Stock Exchange to feature on this page. Gordon Ratan Roy's nick-name was given him in all affection by his fellow-members because he was born in India of Indian parents, and not because he bears any resemblance to the Mahatma, either in looks or personality. He has an expansive smile, and is as popular as he is well known in the House; he has been a member for over thirty years. He is a broker; we wonder if he has a large Eastern clientèle? We also wonder if his house in Bedford Park was given its name by "Gandhi," and whether it's pure coincidence that it should be called "Simla."

Sidney Coppen

Missionary or cannibal?

ANOTHER "wild man from the East," but in rather a different sense, is Sidney Coppen, who is one of the leaders in the "Jungle," or West African market. He and George Richardson are two of the oldest inhabitants there, George Richardson, a member since 1896, being eight years Sidney Coppen's senior. Meeting Sidney Coppen in the street, one might suspect him of being a lay preacher, in his black coat, but when he is in the House one sees one was mistaken. Confirmed cannibals don't bid more lustily for their leg of missionary meat than he does for his Tarquah or Ashants.

PERCY TABBUSH is another African expert; he is a jobber in Kaffirs. He used to be a 15—3 man in first-class lawn-tennis handicaps; played regularly in tournaments, including some of the more famous ones. However, he never made the name for himself in lawn-tennis that he now has in bridge. He was a member of Colonel Beasley's team that took on Culbertson and his stalwarts for the Schwab Trophy, and is recognised as one of the best players of a hand in England.

LINKS with the past are always interesting, and here is a House one. There is a present member of the Stock Exchange who has spoken to a member of the Old Guard of Napoleon. He is Hermann Maas, who was in Paris as a small child in 1859, and remembers being terrified when an old warrior took off his false nose and displayed the scars which it covered. He is now a Father of the House; became one last year, having been a member since 1882. He is a German, and is also a Jew, and does not, therefore, care much for the present régime in his Fatherland. Apropos his appearance, he tells the following story about himself: he was looking for rooms somewhere on the East Coast, and at one house was greeted by the landlady, who opened the door to him, with the question: "Are you the Rev. Mr. Jones?"

DURING the time when "F. C. G." (Sir F. Carruthers Gould) was also a member, Hermann Maas was known as the Pocket Hercules, and still has in his possession many caricatures of himself in that rôle drawn by the famous artist. To bring the series of portraits of him up to date, "Jonk" gives his impression of the veteran member finding the weather rather hot.

WE wrote the other day about the jobbers who, during the heat-wave, took their coats off to work, but kept them on next day. Now there's the story (also a true one) about the only firm of jobbers left in the House who still, one and all, wear top-hats. On a very hot day, not long ago, one of the partners not only took his hat off, but his waistcoat as well. His senior partner, glancing round, saw him and thought he was a broker with an order. Rumour even has it that he dealt!

THE WEEK'S DIALOGUE—

First Jobber: "I can't think why we are always having stock bought in against us. So-and-So [another firm in the same market] never do."

Second Jobber: "Well, you see, they always send their brokers a cake on each anniversary."

TIRED of hearing and reporting about other people's holidays, "Jonk" and "Junk" are taking holidays of their own for the next two weeks. They hope that all members will refrain from saying or doing anything that might make "copy" for this page until they return.

Gordon Ratan Roy

"Gandhi"

Hermann Maas

Showing his braces

Nordic and Latin

Lilian Harvey: Dolores del Rio

Above: Dolores del Rio as she looks with her bobbed hair—not so very different from the "Bird of Paradise" Dolores. Her new film is called "Dance of Desire," and in it she appears as a dancer, fashionable, perfectly groomed, but still "exotic," her own special adjective, and still the fiery, untameable Latin that her many enthusiastic fans know

Left: Lilian Harvey, who may be reckoned Dolores del Rio's counterpart among the Nordics. "My Lips Betray," which started its run at the Tivoli last week, is the first of her Hollywood films to be shown in England. She is under contract to Fox Films, and has been in America since the early spring

Conventional as to control, this V-8, but a car of quite a new kind as to performance and performance-refinement. A postcard will bring you a V-8 catalogue.

• FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 •

H. R. Farmer and Q. V. Hoare going to the first tee at the Royal St. David's links

P. A. Bell, who is seen on the left, smoking a cigarette, and Segar Pugh

S. F. Bennett and J. R. Edward going to the first green. They did not return cards

St. David's Gold Cross

Competitors at Harlech

Left: K. Gammell and R. Myer, whose score was 165, at the first tee

Right: John Graves (185), Harold Walker (170), and R. M. Graves, who also did not return a card

W. Basil Pilling holds discourse with J. D. Webster

H. Goodwin enjoys a joke with Ian Oliver (168)

C. B. Mitchell and G. B. Stokoe seen at the first tee

Colonel W. J. Beddowes chatting to S. K. Knowles

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Gambling, Smuggling and Murder: By A. G. Macdonell

"THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE" (Viscount Erleigh: Peter Davies; 5s.) is a description of that incredible outburst of human gullibility and greed and stupidity which swept through England and Scotland in the early part of the eighteenth century. A few years before, an enterprising Scotsman, John Law, of Lauriston, had shown the way with his fantastic Mississippi Company in Paris, which brought France to the very verge of bankruptcy. His example was quickly followed in London by John Blount, a financial buccaneer on a scale which few of our recent notorious figures have ever reached.

Blount invented, and was "Prime Projector" of, the South Sea Company, which was to trade in every sort of wares in every part of the world. But in the ingenious hands of Blount it soon developed from a trading company into a financing company, and in 1720, by the judicious distribution of over a million pounds in bribes, it succeeded in buying from the Exchequer the administration of the National Debt for a sum exceeding seven millions. From that moment Blount was firmly mounted on his famous swindle. The stock of the company was artificially forced up, and a colossal wave of gambling mania swept over the country. Everyone joined in, and of course the stock went higher and higher, till the £100 share stood at £1050. Blount and his colleagues became by far the most important figures in England. Dukes and marquesses fawned upon their lackeys. Rival companies sprang up in hundreds, and even the most fantastically impossible schemes were over-subscribed in a moment. At last, Blount made a fatal mistake. He used his power and money to get two of the biggest rival companies declared illegal. The shareholders of those companies had to sell South Sea stock to cover their losses, and once the selling began it could not be stopped. The great smash had begun. Viscount Erleigh has made the subject as interesting as his passion for super-ornate language allows. For page after page, the brisk Latinity goes bouncing vigorously along, until one begins to long for a few humble little Saxon words. Otherwise it is an attractive and authoritative book.

THE author of *George Ashbury* (Selwyn and Blount; 7s. 6d.) is Mr. O. S. Macdonell, and, as he happens to be a cousin of mine, I feel I ought not to review the book in the ordinary way. There is a limit to the nimble art of log-rolling, after all, and I fancy that open cousin-boosting comes pretty near it. Wild horses, therefore, will not drag from me an opinion on the merits of *George Ashbury* (always assuming that horses, whether tame or in a primitive state, are capable of this remarkable feat of intellectual traction), and I will confine myself to saying that it is a story of smugglers in Cumberland a hundred years ago. Mr. Macdonell lived in Cumberland as a boy, and knows his ground and his traditions and his folk-lore. As for its merits or de-merits, read it and see. Mr. G. P. Abraham, the well-known expert on the Lake District, has supplied a magnificent panorama photograph, and has actually walked over the route of the hero's escape in the mountains, in order to test the accuracy of Mr. Macdonell's details.

"ALBUM LEAF" (by Joseph Shearing: Heinemann; 7s. 6d.) is one of those books which give you the impression that a good story is going to be told in the end, but is an unconscionable time in getting down to it. The ship is ready, the voyage mapped out, and the Captain simply will not weigh anchor, and the dock loafers (or readers) naturally get a bit impatient. A murder story in which the first murder takes place on page 245 can surely not be accused of taking its fences too fast or rushing at its gates. *Album Leaf* is the story of an English orphan of the eighteen-sixties who accepts a post as companion to two French aristocratic ladies, a mother and daughter, in a huge, secluded, lonely château in Provençe. They are incredibly dim, these two ladies, and faded and tragic. They are immensely rich, and they are terrified of a rascally cousin, a Duke, who is desperately anxious to get their money in any way that may come handy. The Duke schemes and the ladies cower, in an atmosphere that is partly Flaubert and partly Balzac and mostly A. E. W. Mason. But Mason, in his *Villa Rose* and *House of the Arrow*, did not require 245 pages to create his atmosphere of grimness and tension around his doomed old ladies. Mr. Shearing reaches that atmosphere at last, but he will have shed many well-intentioned readers on the way. His diffuseness and over-elaboration of detail are unbelievable, and so unnecessary. For here and there he throws in a perfect little scene, drawn with the economy of an etcher's pen and not the endlessness of a pre-Raphaelite brush.

When at last the first murder, that of the old lady, takes place, the story becomes really exciting and the tension is very tense indeed. In these pages, Mr. Shearing shows that he is capable of exploiting to the fullest a dramatic situation, and as soon as he learns to arrive at his drama by shorter cuts and more economy of effort he will write a very good novel indeed. There is also the untying of the dramatic knot to be learnt. *Album Leaf* comes to a disappointing finish. It peters out rather feebly. But Mr. Shearing has the stuff in him. There is no doubt about that.

Lafayette

Mrs. Doris Langley Moore

Author of "A Winter's Passion," published by Heinemann, and the biographer of E. Nesbit, the writer whose children's stories are also enjoyed by those of less tender years. This photograph, readers can be assured, is a speaking likeness compared with a garden-party snapshot which was recently published in our columns and supplied by a camera fiend, who is hereby censured

MR. L. A. G. STRONG'S new book, *Sea Wall* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is an extraordinary production for so experienced, so brilliant, and so technically skilful a writer. Mr. Strong's *The Brothers* was a very notable novel. In fact, it was the sort of novel that Mr. Shearing would profit by studying. He would learn there the use of economy in words. But *Sea Wall* ought to be carefully hidden from him. It is the story of a boy called Nicky, an Irish boy in Kingstown, from the time he is a child until he is "plugged" in the chest by a Sinn Fein gunman in "the troubles." It is one of those laborious chronicles—early days fishing on the sea wall—learning to box—prep. school — bigger school — war — home again—Sinn Fein, and so on. There is no plot. There is just a mass of details, mass after mass of details. Now, it is obvious that details are of first-class importance for building up plot and character. But when there is no plot to build, and mighty few characters, the details become confusing, deafening, overpowering, like the thumping of rain on a tin roof, or the endless chatter of Mr. Kipling's monkeys in the tree-tops of the jungle.

There are some exciting descriptions, of course; descriptions of hardy athletes struggling hardily. Mr. Strong is a master of the desperate triumphs of the spirit over exhausted muscles, and the two boxing matches in the early part of *Sea Wall* will automatically be included in future anthologies of *Boxiana*, and it was with a sigh of genuine regret that, after the second fight, I read the words: "He never put on the gloves again."

But the rest of the book was — alas that I should have to write it of an author whom I so greatly admire! — a weariness of the soul. As I struggled on, the feeling began to grow that here at last was a river that defied Mr. Swinburne's well-known dictum about the ultimate destination of all rivers, however weary. Even *Sea Wall* came to an end at last, but the recovery of Nicky from the Sinn Fein bullet has left me rather anxious about the future.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Specially Compiled for "The Bystander"

By Madge Garland

Yevonde

MISS PRIMROSE SALT, who was one of the most popular débutantes of the Season, has serious ambitions and wishes to become a painter. Here she is wearing an aqua-marine green satin evening gown and cape trimmed with fox, which comes from Albert & Johnson

Yevonde

A Modern du Maurier

MRS. CLIFFORD PINCHOT, who was Mademoiselle Voisin, recently married the son of Governor Pinchot and has a charming home in Paris. Her sister-in-law, Rosamond Pinchot, played with great success the part of the Nun when Reinhardt produced "The Miracle" in America. Mrs. Pinchot has, one is not surprised to learn, received several offers to appear on the screen

Beauty in a Band-Box

EVERY experienced woman travels light—and that means good judgment in packing, nothing superfluous being included and nothing vital left out. The ability to discard comes in useful here, but it must be allied to a knowledge of what will be essential, with a safety margin allowed for eventualities. Any holiday can be ruined by a shortage of the right clothes to wear, just as all travelling is made tedious by an overdose of luggage, extra dues to pay, and an annoying amount of packing and unpacking wherever one arrives.

The question of cosmetics is a travel problem that should not be ignored, since, maid-less or not, every woman with any pretensions to chic naturally wishes to look as soignée as possible under even the most kinetic conditions. It is obviously outside the argument to transport a whole battery of jars and bottles, perfumes, powders, and hairdressing necessities, and this is where a careful choice must be made, wide enough to include every aspect of " beauty," and yet restricted.

A Cutex manicure box, especially designed for travelling, would take up very little space, and contains everything needful for the care of the nails. Here are varnish and its remover, whitening for the nail-tips, file, emery-boards, and a supply of orange sticks.

Then perfume—Coty's new scent, with the romantic name " Fougeraie au crépuscule," is light and fresh and suitable for a holiday mood, cool in its suggestion of the ferns from which it is made. The Eau de Toilette is a perfume in itself, intended for use in a spray, on the hair and clothes, and for scenting one's room—a flask of essence and a travelling screw-top spray filled with the toilet-water would meet the case.

HAIR that is permanently waved or curled needs constant attention, involving bottles of setting lotion, waving pins, time and trouble, and goodness knows what else, not to mention hair that has *not* been permanently waved. It would be progressive to leave all this apparatus behind, taking instead only a bottle of brilliantine, possibly one's favourite shampoo, and a new invention from Maison Georges : a detachable chignon of curls made from real curly hair in any shade to match one's own. This can be slipped on in a moment, on those occasions when it is imperative to look irreproachable or when a visit to a hairdresser is needed but not feasible. The chignon gives that light and " natural " coiffure on the nape of the neck and half-way up the back of the head that is the result of supreme artifice, and is fixed in a simple and quite invisible way that involves no pins or clips. What is more, it cannot, under any circumstances, fall off.

FINALLY, there is the complexion to be considered. Irene Desborough's preparations would be ideal to take away : a weatherproof cream, to prevent sun-burning (this can also be used ordinarily as a foundation for powder), for those who wish to tan without tears. Then a cream rouge, eyelid and eyelash cosmetics, and a very fine powder blended individually to suit one's colouring. A bottle of slightly astringent cleansing lotion should be included, remaining, as it miraculously does, always icy cool to the touch, and—most important—a skin food to be used at night, to cleanse the skin thoroughly and to counteract the slightly drying effect of sunburn preparations applied during the day. Anybody who is rheumatic, and therefore subject to spots and blemishes, should take a pot of antacid skin food instead. All these lotions and creams could be carried space-savingly in one of those attractive travelling-cases of leather or coloured enamels which contain screw-top jars and flasks.

W. B.

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Why Eighteen?

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HAS it ever occurred to you what a strange and arbitrary thing it is that when we go out and play golf we have to play eighteen holes—neither more nor less—if it is to be a properly accredited round, to beat our opponent, bring down our handicap, or do any of the cut-and-dried things which a respectable golfer likes to do? I wonder why it is eighteen? I seem to remember that Royal Musselburgh started its illustrious career with twelve holes. Royal Blackheath certainly had seven, which were played three times over. The Fairway and Hazard Gold Cup this summer was played for over twenty-seven, and I believe the Yorkshire Alliance competitions in the winter are for the same number. One gets a horrible shock if one looks at the total scores without first assimilating that information.

WHY eighteen has become standard I do not pretend to know. It seems to me rather a pity. Of course, I realise it cannot be otherwise. Handicaps could not be stabilised, and a club would lose all self-respect if it could not write "eighteen holes" after its name or lay claim to the appropriate full-blooded sign in A.A., R.A.C., and Michelin handbooks and what-nots. But, really, it would be so much better if clubs with an insufficiency of land or money, or both, were to concentrate on having just that number of holes which Nature intended should be laid out over the available ground, and which their finances could keep in a state of perfection, rather than make a fetish of the full eighteen, some of which are bound to be mere makeshifts.

OF course, there are perfect nine-hole courses. Mildenhall is the classic example, whereon many a first-class and much-travelled critic would choose to play those nine holes for the rest of his golf if he had to make a choice of one course, and one only. But the majority of classics are eighteen. Most of us know private courses of the garden variety where the number of holes is strictly limited by the lay-out of the herbaceous border, the angle of the pergola in relation to the drawing-room window, and the hope that the latter will be avoided even by the most inveterate slicer amongst habitual guests. There are such garden courses, of immense interest, where there is only one hole, so far as an excavation in the ground is concerned, but, played from a multitude of angles, it has as much variety of excitement as any stereotyped course. Yet that offers no solution for a public course with more enthusiasm than space or money. Imagine the danger, reflect on the arguments of precedence that would arise, if eighteen couples were playing more or less simultaneously the one hole! The practice ground at a Championship with a large American entry would be nothing to it. No; I fear me that the single hole is only a solution in our own private fields, gardens and backyards, though I am quite sure that, were it not for the confusion at week-ends, many existing clubs would do better to concentrate on nine good holes than on eighteen mediocre ones. I suppose people will argue that a mediocre hole—by which they probably mean featureless—has its uses. I have never played on the American course where each hole is a replica of a famous British hole, so perhaps I am not qualified to judge. But I wonder whether it would not be almost satiating; whether one does not sigh for something simple and soothing after continuous grappling with the problems of the Eden, Redan, Himalaya, and all the nameless holes known only by their numbers. Could one dine forever on champagne, caviare and strawberries?

Lady Ursula Manners and Lady Isobel Manners, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, on the links at North Berwick, where they played a threesome with Major Cecil K. Hutchison, a one-time runner-up in the Amateur Championship. Threesomes seem popular

G. H. Balmain

Another threesome at North Berwick: Miss Maxwell, sister of Robert Maxwell, ex-amateur champion, on the left, with Mrs. Steele and her daughter, Miss Barbara Steele

AND so it seems to me that there are merits in a hole where you can, so to speak, sit back, ride on a loose rein, rest on your oars, or indulge in any of the forms of taking your ease of which the jargon of other sports seems full—golf extraordinarily empty. But these havens of refuge must only come once, or at most twice in a round. If they come more often, first carelessness, then lassitude, then utter boredom sets in, until finally the golfer would rather do anything than go out to play those eighteen examples of monotonous mediocrity. Far better to play chips over the flower-beds, with, of course, due respect for the hostess's drawing-room windows and the susceptibility of her gardener.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Big boys and little boys

Fat boys and thin boys

Long-legged boys and short-legged boys

Happy boys and gloomy boys

Strong boys—

—and weak boys

And not forgetting mothers' boys, all at Carnoustie

Boys will be Men!

Our Juvenile Artist, H. H. Harris, lets his fancy run riot over the Boys' Golf Championship

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

A GREAT deal of resentment has been roused among followers and players of minor-county cricket by the way in which this attractive side of the game is neglected by the daily Press. The scores in a match between the Old Biltongians and the Old Boys of Lower Sloppingham G.S. are given in full, and a prominent place, by the Stateliest News-Sheet while the bare result of Buckinghamshire v. Oxfordshire is tucked away in an odd corner.

I have been told that this is because there is more news value in the Public Schools than in the minor counties. This is sheer bunk. The most important news—from a Daily's point of view, anyway—is the news which interests the largest number of people, and the number of cricket enthusiasts in Bucks or Oxon exceeds by a good many thousands the number of Old Biltongians and the Old Boys of Lower Sloppingham G.S. put together. For that matter, you can throw all the Old Harrovians and Old Etonians into the scale, and the majority will still be comfortably on the side of the county.

Multiply this majority by twenty-three—the number of competitors in the Minor Counties' Championship—and you will have a rough idea of the number of people who are defrauded of their fair share of cricketing news in order to give a minority of Old Boys a chance to read about themselves and their friends.

Moreover, these supporters of minor counties take the keenest interest in their sides, both as individuals and as teams. I have a friend, a prolific run-getter for Bucks, who is in the happy position of being unable to go into any pub within the confines of his county without being recognised and asked what he 'll have. Apart from this sort of recognition—which, I maintain, is not enjoyed by the much-photographed heroes of the County Championship proper—these enthusiasts give practical support to their teams by turning up in force at all home matches.

MOST people will agree that country-house cricket was cricket at its most enjoyable, and, in these days of high taxation and low spirits, the nearest approach to the country-house atmosphere is to be found in the games played between the minor counties. In many cases, the matches take place on country-house grounds, and in every case there is that feeling of cheerfulness, of pleasure in playing, of exciting local rivalry, which is so noticeably absent from County cricket without the diminutive.

And yet these players and followers of the best kind of cricket, the kind that is keeping the spirit of the game alive in places where it might easily have died out, are given no support even in those quarters which boom most heavily about the game. As a case in point, I would like to remind you that last year Bucks won outright all ten of the ten matches played. This is a feat which has never before been achieved, an achievement which, considering the inconsistencies of climate as well as of players, is not likely to be repeated for many a long season; and it drew hardly a single grudging comment from the Press. Why?

P. F. Judge, the 17-year-old St. Paul's schoolboy and cricket captain who has made a most promising début for Middlesex, seen bowling against Derbyshire at Lord's. He took five wickets for 27 with fast-medium deliveries after having rattled some of the Surrey batsmen badly at the Oval in the previous county match

Miss Eileen Grace, eldest daughter of Sir Valentine and Lady Grace, of Boley, Monkstown, with two of her father's famous red setters. She is being married to Dr. Bruce Hamilton on Saturday next

The Hon. Maureen Butler and her brother, the Hon. Patrick Butler, children of Lord and Lady Dunboyne, who played in the Junior Lawn Tennis Tournament at Ryde

I'm afraid that is one of the questions that will remain unanswered because it is unanswerable. But I feel that it was necessary to ask in print what so many lovers of cricket have for years been asking in pavilions and places where they talk.

"SOCCER" is a splendid game, and several millions of our fellow-islanders think there is no other; but it comes on to the scene far too early. For the players themselves, for the pitches they play on, for the club gates, and for the spectators, it would be better if the opening of the season were postponed for a month. One will be told at once that the League and Cup fixture lists have become so crowded that it is difficult to fit them all in as it is. The answer to that is simple: thin out the fixture lists. A careful system of eliminating the unfit would greatly improve the football in all three divisions of the League, and those outside could have special tournaments of their own in the North and South, in which the winners and runners-up would be rewarded by election to their section of the Third Division in place of the bottom teams.

ONLY a few of the bigger public schools are still loyal to "Soccer," but it is interesting to see that sensible attempts are being made to increase their efficiency in the game. It has been pointed out that amateur "Soccer," as it used to be played in the days of Shute Harris and G. O. Smith, is only a memory, and if an amateur is to make anything of a name for himself he must

The North of England Championships at Scarborough

Three of the competitors at Scarborough: V. G. Kirby, the South African Davis Cup player, Miss K. Stammers, and Miss Scott

Further competitors at Scarborough, which attracted the usual good entry: Miss F. S. Ford, Miss J. Cunningham, and Mrs. E. C. Peters

Mr. E. R. Blount, Mrs. V. Brooke, Brig.-General H. F. Brooke (Rear-Commodore, Seaview Sailing Club), Miss Betty Dyke Acland, Major Gordon Fowler (Captain of Dinghy Class), Mrs. C. Methuen, Sir W. Dyke Acland, Bart. (Commodore, Seaview Sailing Club), and Miss D. Acland, at Seaview, I.O.W.

do it in competition with professionals. Therefore, it is suggested, the "Soccer" schools should appoint a football professional as a coach, just as they appoint a cricket pro. in the summer.

THIS idea has obvious advantages. Hulme, for instance, could teach more about ball-control and the technique of modern "Soccer" than any young Blue fresh from amateur triumphs and the proposed change would undoubtedly increase the ability of public-school footballers. But it is to be hoped that care would be taken not to introduce the less seemly sides of professionalism. It would be distressing if the Repton XI. were to raise their hands and shout: "Ref! Ref! Foul! Off-side! Ref!" at the top of their voices, what time the Charterhouse forwards scored a goal. (I have seen exactly this happen in a match between two well-known professional teams.) It would be painfully distressing if our public-schoolboys were to fling themselves to the ground and roll over and over, groaning with each roll, every time they received a minor injury.

This last habit, which used to be considered the perquisite of a pro., has, unfortunately, become popular with amateurs. I have even seen members of the sacred Corinth behaving with this publicity-seeking abandon. But I take it that, at school, there will be someone on hand to prevent this veneer being added to the professional's more important polishing work.

"RUGGER" also starts a little too soon, but no two people will ever agree about that. I do think, though, that an attempt should be made to get our International sides together in time to give tourists from the Dominions something to do. It is only by getting a representative team together early that gives a chance for the home sides to beat the All-Blacks or Springboks.

George Cousins, first whip, wading across the River Colne carrying the otter (16½ lb.) at the kill made by the Bucks Otter Hounds at Maundrill Meadow Dudgrove, Witheybeds, near Whelford Bridge

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

In Praise of Cotton

Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer and their son, Tony, on the golf-course—where dogs are obviously allowed—attached to the Gleneagles Hotel

Miss Muriel Beit, Mr. Myles Illingworth, and Miss Barbara Pollen, who chose the Gullane links on which to play golf

THE welcome news has come from Belgium that Henry Cotton, in his second match with Walter Hagen, was victorious over thirty-six holes by five up with four to play. I admit that the words you have just read sound rather rude to Hagen—but even if the match is won by a professional who, because of his association with a foreign club, cannot represent us in the Ryder Cup Match against American professionals, that does not make Henry Cotton a Belgian. We therefore claim his victory, not so much as a Cotton victory over Hagen, but as a British victory over an American invader.

There will be some who watched the match which these two recently played at Ashridge who will be surprised at this result, and, frankly, the victory is not nearly so valuable as would have been a similar result on a good seaside course in this country. I must be fair to Hagen, and so, please consider the following facts. In the first place the match was played on the course of Cotton's newly adopted club, which is the Waterloo Club, just outside Brussels. I know this course. It is a perfectly sound park golf-course; but I know also the Brussels sun of the summer, which is of a very pleasant but most virulent character. I do not think that the course of the Waterloo Club will have stood up to this sun particularly well; which is, of course, a very great factor in Cotton's favour. When a course is all dried up and is playing very fast, the man who is accustomed to playing on it has more of an advantage over the man who is seeing it perhaps for the first time than he would have in normal conditions, for local knowledge is of infinitely greater value. We all know that Hagen has the most amazing ability for playing these thirty-six holes matches, and even though he may lose quite a few holes in the morning in so doing, he obtains such a knowledge of the course that in the afternoon his opponent seldom retains the lead which he may have struggled so hard to build up. But the Waterloo Club is just that sort of course which would favour, especially in the circumstances which I have just described, the man who knows it very well.

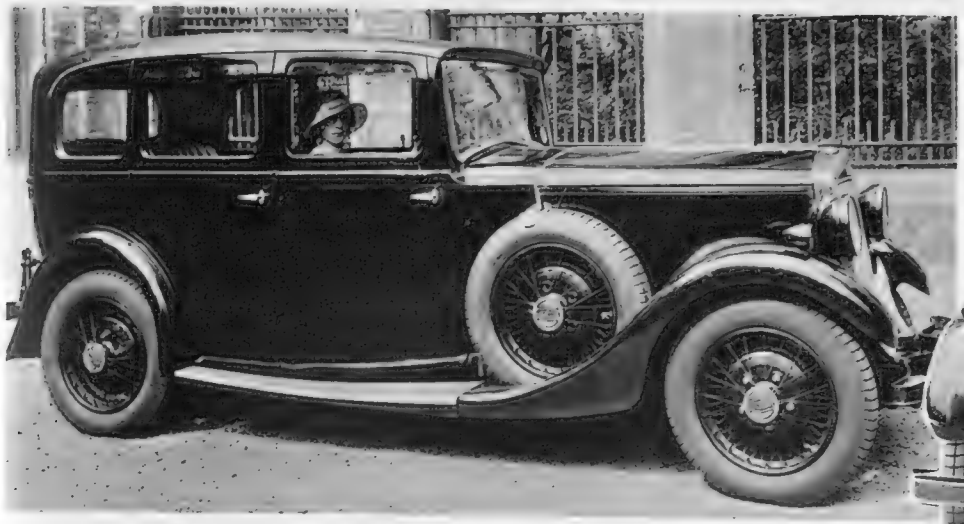
HAVING thus eased my conscience with regard to Hagen, I would like to say two things about the match which have filled me, personally, with a very great pleasure. I have recently written that I thought Cotton had lost a great deal of that elusive and purely personal quality called guts, which so distinguished his golf two or three years ago. He gave evidence of this, not only in his last match with Hagen, but also in the Open Championship. And he gave evidence of something else on both those occasions: he showed that one of the best parts of his game of two years back had temporarily, or so we hoped, deserted him, in that he could not hole the putts. Now, I am told that in this match with Hagen really the chief reason why he won was that his putting bordered on the uncanny.

The second feature of the match which has pleased me is that it was close for a long way, and that then Cotton made his spurt at a critical moment and won easily, as stated. He was one up at the ninth hole in the morning, and three up at the end of the morning round, but his lead had been reduced to the bare minimum by the time that the twenty-seventh hole had been played. This means that Cotton must have had visions of his lead disappearing altogether, and being replaced by a deficit, when this stage of the match was reached. He must have had an unpleasant recollection of that previous match of his with Hagen, when what appeared to be a commanding lead and victory well in sight was turned into ignominious defeat. But this time Cotton was having none of it. His fighting quality returned to him, and he forged right ahead from that moment, to leave Hagen well and truly beaten.

J. P. Marston and F. N. Lloyd, competitors in the St. David's Gold Cross 36 Hole Medal Open Competition at the St. David's Golf Club, Harlech

I HOPE that I will not be criticised for giving so much space to this match which was played in a foreign country, but it may be the dawn of better things for British golf, and that is why I am personally so interested in, not so much the result, but the manner in which the result was achieved. Cotton is our leading professional golfer, but lately he has been failing us. Just those two weaknesses which have caused this failure seem to have been remedied, and that is what is so encouraging.

But there is another point about it all which pleases me very much. I do not know Cotton; frankly, I do not suppose I have said a single word to him in my life, although it is possible that at some Championship we may have met for a fleeting remark. Therefore I can honestly say that I neither like nor dislike him. I know nothing about him, except what he does in public on the links. But there is something about him which I like very much indeed, and that is this: he is an honest and hard-working professional golfer who realises that the job of an honest and hard-working professional golfer is to make himself as great a golfer as is possible with the material to his hand. He therefore takes the trouble to improve his game by every possible means. He spends hours in practice, realising, as do the Americans who have so completely overwhelmed us since the war, that, no matter how good a golfer you may think you are, there is always a weakness in your game which requires the undivided attention of hours of practice. Cotton has given those hours to that practice, and he has raised himself to a position greater than any other British professional of his generation. I said quite recently on this page, when discussing the prospects of the Open Championship, that I hoped Cotton would win, because he was about the only *British* professional whom I saw *practising* his putting. In spite of his practice it deserted him on that occasion, but because of his practice it has now returned to him. Long may it last!



Few cars in the 18-h.p. class can vie with the Lanchester in roominess and comfort. This model also is notably good-looking, with a waist-line which falls very slightly from front to rear

The front view is unusual, but effective. The radiator is placed well forward to allow ample body space, and the bonnet lines are designed to flow into those of the body

Cars with a Personality

The 18-h.p. Lanchester

By The Earl of Cardigan

To drive a Lanchester has always—at least, within my recollection—been a pleasant experience. I remember the old 40-h.p. model, which was a fine car in its day. Then came the "Twenty," for some years, perhaps, the leader of its class; then a "straight-eight," for which I had a particular liking.

Outwardly, the modern Lanchester has little in common with such cars as these; yet it remains a car which the most blasé motorist can handle with genuine pleasure. It is as well to reiterate this fact, lest anyone should think of the present 18-h.p. Lanchester merely as "that car with the special, fluid fool-proof transmission business." If it had no fluid flywheel—if it had no pre-selective gear-box, or any other special feature—I should still like it personally, and be able honestly to give it a favourable report.

In the first place, the 18-h.p. engine is an exceptionally efficient and smooth-running unit. At cruising speeds of 50 m.p.h. or more, it takes the car along with an almost complete absence of apparent effort. It is capable, according to a very honest speedometer, of achieving close on 70 m.p.h. in top, and between 45 and 50 m.p.h. in third gear.

The valve gear is of unusual interest. The amazingly wide tappet clearance of 48 thousandths of an inch is recommended, and a wide variation can be made before normal running is interfered with. Owing to some mechanical wizardry which I do not profess to understand, this unconventional valve gear is dead silent at all ordinary speeds; only at absolute full throttle (about 4000 revs. ?) is any sound audible.

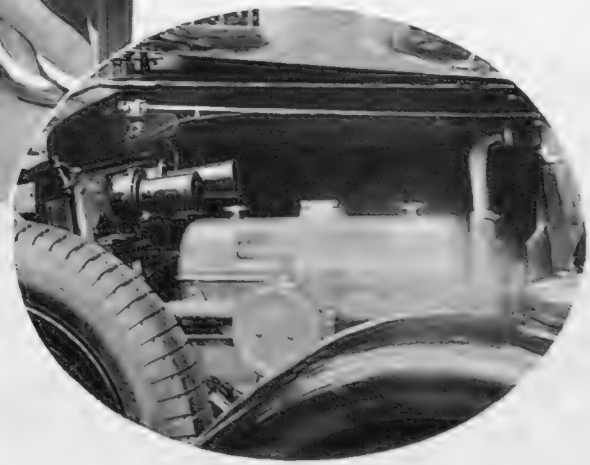
Another admirable quality is that the Lanchester holds the road more than ordinarily well. It "sits down" very solidly, and is well sprung at all speeds. The steering is excellent, having a very good turning lock, together with—to my taste—just the right degree of self-centring action. The combined effect is to give the driver a very satisfactory sense of confidence.

The pre-selective gear-box is, of course, genuinely fool-proof, besides being of value even to the expert driver in its rapidity and certainty of action. I must regretfully report that, on the occasion of my test run, the reverse gear was not doing the job for which Mr. Lanchester intended it; but this, naturally, was but a temporary lapse. With the fluid flywheel, I found, as usual, that it was possible to drive the car on two controls only—the accelerator and the brake.

The saloon model illustrated costs just under £600, at which figure it is proving a sufficient attraction to be retained, with no major modifications, in the Lanchester programme for 1934.

No car having right-hand control can show a driving compartment more completely unobstructed. This lay-out of the hand-brake is unique, and the gear control is seen just underneath the steering wheel

Above: unusual space is provided for the back-seat passengers. The actual seating position is extremely comfortable



Right: the engine is very cleanly designed. The oil filler is visible on top of the valve casing. Attached to the carburettor is an air-filtering device

Mapping the Empire by Aeroplane

By Capt. C. E. Ward

An air-cruising party who visited Scandinavia, the Baltic States, and Central Europe recently, using a Saro Cloud Amphibian. From l. to r.: Mr. John Lord, Captain C. D. Scott, who was the pilot, Mr. A. J. A. Wallace Barr, and, on the extreme right, Mr. J. de C. Ballardie

Prospecting for Gold by Air

EARLY next year, an air survey covering 88,000 square miles of Western Australia is to be undertaken for the Western Mining Corporation. This contract has been secured by Mr. H. Hemming, who is the leading authority on the commercial application of air photography to the production of maps from which valuable geological data can be deduced. Mr. Hemming formed the Bermuda and West Atlantic Aviation Co. soon after the war, and it was this concern which carried out the first British commercial survey from the air. Later, in association with Mr. Alan Butler, he formed the Aircraft Operating Co., and he directed its operations until the completion of the survey of Rio de Janeiro. Admiral Sir Percy Douglas, who retired recently from the position of Hydrographer of the Navy, is advising on the ground survey side of the work. Wing-Commander F. V. Laws, Commandant of the R.A.F. School of Photography, has resigned from the Service in order to become manager of the expedition. Two Australian pilots, Captain C. W. Snook and Flight-Lieutenant S. C. Campbell, will do the flying. The former has an intimate knowledge of Western Australia from the air, and Flight-Lieutenant Campbell is an expert survey pilot, having mapped the Great Barrier Reef for the Commonwealth Government. Orders have been placed with De Havilland's for two Dragons, which are to be modified to take the cameras and to allow plenty of space for the photographers and geologists to move about the cabin whilst making observations. Wireless telephony and telegraphy, with special navigation instruments, are to be fitted, and the cameras will be operated and controlled electrically. Exactly how gold-bearing strata will be located is a matter for the geologists and other scientific staff with the expedition to determine, but it is known already that photographs from the air reveal details quite invisible on the ground, and the Western Mining Corporation is convinced that the survey will provide them with information that it would be impossible to obtain without using aeroplanes.

An Airport South of London

A RECENT forced landing south of Redhill has drawn attention to the need for an airport which is just outside the fog area and suitable for private owners, especially when they are flying machines not fitted with wireless. Quite often during bad weather it is impossible to approach London over the North Downs except by scraping the treetops or going through the clouds, and therefore it would be an advantage to have an airport situated on the lower ground south of the hills, where there always seems to be an area of country free from fog, and where the visibility is such that flying can be carried out with safety. The proposal to use Ham Farm, which is about two miles south-east from the centre of Redhill, as an aerodrome is an excellent one, because it will provide flying facilities at a place where they are urgently needed. The site itself lies at an average level of 200 feet above the sea, has open approaches from the air on all sides, and, being the only area for some miles around which is suitable for such development, it is good to know that it will be secured for the benefit of the flying community. The Air Ministry wants to reserve Croydon for commercial air-traffic, and no permanent licence for an airport will be granted in its immediate vicinity, so that private owners living south of London are already feeling the need for their own centre.

General Smuts, at Croydon Airport, enjoying a joke with Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Edward Harding, before returning to South Africa by the Imperial Air Mailplane. The service to the Cape is weekly in each direction and takes ten days

Parachutes for Passengers

THE air lifebelt has been used so often to save life that it would seem worth while making it a standard fitting for all machines, but there are many difficulties to be overcome in the case of passenger-carrying aircraft. In the air it is difficult to open a door against the pressure of the wind, and, if fitted to open in the opposite direction, a door would damage the side of the 'plane whenever used with the engines running. Mr. Leslie Irvin has designed a special harness for use in cabin machines, and Mr. John Tranum made a test recently from the Irvin Puss Moth, which has had the doors arranged so that they can be dropped off in an emergency. For the experimental drop, one door was taken off before the machine left the ground. Any small cabin-type machine could be modified to enable parachute descents to be made, but it will be more difficult to design air-liners for this purpose. The greater margin of all-round safety in big machines, having several engines, a crew and wireless, makes it unnecessary for parachutes to be carried at the present day, though in years to come it is quite possible that they will become a standard fitting, similar to lifebelts on a ship.

Notes from the Clubs

THE Norfolk and Norwich Club is holding its Garden Party on September 2nd, to be followed by a dance at the club-house in the evening; and on September 16th the Bristol and Wessex have a similar function. Private owners are invited to both of these clubs. On September 17th, at Bristol, the club will play a match against the Aero Golfing Society, a tennis tournament against the Cardiff Aeroplane Club, and squash matches against Air Service Training from Hamble. Mr. Maurice Spencer has gone to Gravesend as manager of the club, which was formed early this year and has already a large membership.

SEPTEMBER, 1933

1st to 15th inclusive

1st Partridge Shooting begins.
Racing. Windsor and Manchester Meetings.
Yachting. Royal Clyde Y.C. (Closing Cruise). Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Y.C.
Golf. Welsh Amateur Close Champ., Porthcawl 1st to 9th.

2nd **Racing.** Manchester, Windsor and Proudstown Park (Navan) Meetings.
Motoring. R.A.C. Tourist Trophy, Belfast. M.C.C. Brooklands Meeting.
Cricket. Yorkshire v. M.C.C., Scarborough.
Swimming. South London S.C. Mile Championship, Walton-on-Thames.

4th **Racing.** Folkestone Meeting. Southwell Steeplechases.
Polo. Beaufort Club Tournament, Norton Bath. Montaigu Cup, Rugby.
Swimming. A.S.A. County Water Polo Final, Weston-super-Mare.

5th **Racing.** Derby and Folkestone Meetings.
Swimming. S.C.A.S.A. Boys' Diving, Mitcham.
Motor Cycling. Junior Manx Grand Prix.

6th **Racing.** Derby and Brighton Meetings. Totnes Steeplechases. Limerick Meeting.
Shows. Bath Horse Show.
Swimming. Bowyer S.C. Gala, Clapham. Surrey Men's Diving and Teams Championship. Surrey v. Kent S.C.A.S.A. Boys' Team at Worthing.

7th **Racing.** Derby and Brighton Meetings. Totnes Steeplechases. Limerick Meeting.
Shows. Bath Horse Show.
Motor Cycling. Senior Manx Grand Prix.

8th **Racing.** Gatwick and Lanark Meetings.
Swimming. S.C.A.S.A. Boys' 100-yards Breast-stroke, Latchmere Road.

9th **Racing.** Gatwick and Lanark Meetings. Sedgefield Steeplechases. Phœnix Park Meeting.
Cycling. Meeting of Champions, Herne Hill.
Motoring. Kent and Sussex L.C.C. Lewes Speed Trials.
Athletics. London-Brighton Walk.
Swimming. Clacton S.C. Gala.

11th **Racing.** Folkestone and Shirley Steeplechases.
Croquet. Open Tnmt., Bath.
Golf. Golf Week commences Scarborough.

12th **Racing.** Doncaster, Powerstown Park (Clonmel) Meeting.
Old Custom. Widdecombe Fair, S. Devon.
Speedway. National League, Plymouth v. Wembley.

13th **Racing.** Doncaster. Newton Abbott Steeplechases. Tralee Meeting.
Swimming. Redhill and Reigate S.C. Gala. Otter S.C. Gala, Marshall St. Waddon S.C. Gala, Croydon.
Highland Games. Oban.

14th **Racing.** Doncaster Meeting. Newton Abbott Steeplechases. Tralee Meeting.
Shows. Agricultural Show, Montgomeryshire, Welshpool.
Highland Gathering. The Northern Meeting, Inverness.

15th **Racing.** Doncaster Meeting.
Highland Gathering. The Northern Meeting, Inverness.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

The Doggy World

The Poor "All Rounder": By Lady Kitty Ritson

IF you are not a person who frequents dog shows, you may well be bewildered by the various strange appellations which you hear bandied about amongst the show habitués. But, above all others, you will hear constant references to a mysterious being called "the all-rounder." At first you may wonder whether he has something to do with baseball; then you will learn that he is that unfortunate individual, the man who aspires to judge all breeds.

You will hear that "old So-and-So will do anything for a new hat," or that "Such-and-Such only needs a couple of Guinnesses and he 'd give you his soul." You will also hear the specialist judge raving over the fact that the "all-rounder" doesn't understand the first word about his particular breed, or that he 'd rather never show again than enter his Ch. Toddles under an all-rounder. You will then find that Ch. Toddles, who is lame on all four legs, walked last in the class, or that his owner was courteously told that "the judge has finished with you, thank you."

AS a matter of fact, the all-rounder is a man who has learned about dogs in his cradle, and generally from his father, who was an all-rounder before him. He is as honest as anybody else, and he would probably be capable of going into the ring and making a good job of judging either a hunter class or one for heifers, which is more than the specialist judge could do. I have a great affection for the all-rounder, for every man's hand is against him, and everybody who dõesn't win under him labels him a scoundrel. I have never done particularly well under all-rounders, but I have also never done very badly, and why? Because I know enough not to take an unsound dog into the ring and expect the fact that it has "a lovely little face" to be an excuse for a dozen other faults.

When I was breeding Alsatians I did not, as a rule, "rush in where angels fear to tread," because the backs of the all-rounders had been rubbed the wrong way by Alsatian owners, who all firmly believed that the Almighty had used up all the good dog material available for Alsatians, and had made the other breeds out of what had remained. This was not strictly the case, and the all-rounders, not unnaturally objected to being taught their business by people who, up to the advent of the Alsatian, had not even bred white mice.

Personally, I have never had the temerity to offer "So-and-So" a new hat, as he always seems to me to have very nice hats already—but perhaps these are all supplied by his numerous admirers. How do you suppose you set about the hat business? Would you way-lay him in a dark passage and say playfully, "Handy-pandy, jack-a-dandy, which hand will you have?" and then produce the hat, or would you drop the hat casually at his feet, and when he picked it up, saying politely, "You have dropped your hat," reply, "No, YOUR hat!"

Well, there it is. But believe me, that if you can get a prize under the abused all-rounder, you may rest assured that you have a real dog and not some fancy product of the specialist judge's imagination.

On the Films

Lady Cunliffe Owen with Leo, a great Dane, which appears in the film "Dick Turpin," some of the scenes of which are being shot at Great Fosters

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

THE THREE-CREAM TREATMENT.

A Famous Beauty Specialist Differentiates Between the Essentials and the Luxuries of Beauty Culture.

A BEAUTY specialist's catalogue may excite our imagination and ambition with its promise of loveliness and eternal youth, may be more melodious reading than the *Rubaiyat* or more enthralling than a "thriller," or it may affright us with its implications of the infinite ramifications of beauty culture—according to our particular complexes in regard to self-enhancement. But at least there is one beauty specialist of world-wide renown and long experience, whose products embrace every aspect of beauty culture—cosmetics, manicure accessories, and hair preparations—who yet says that all these delectable and tempting aids to beauty may be regarded as "extras," the "luxury side" of the affair, while three creams only afford all the essentials of a complete and perfect home beauty treatment, to keep the skin healthy, clear, supple, and unlined.

This specialist is Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and the creams in question are "Luxuria," "Skin and Tissue Builder," and "Beautifying Face Cream." When claiming that this trio comprises the basis of beauty culture, it is necessary to describe their character and qualifications and their particular action on the skin. "Luxuria" is primarily a cleansing cream, but it differs from the majority of cleansing creams in that it also enriches and preserves the skin's own natural oils, keeping it supple and fresh.

"Luxuria" is a smooth white cream, with a light but pleasant fragrance, with peculiarly absorbable properties, so that it acts as cleanser and emollient beneath the surface of the skin. At night it should be used to remove all visible and invisible particles of dirt and dust, cosmetics and natural secretions which clog the pores and darken and coarsen the complexion. It is not an exaggeration to say that, after "Luxuria" has been used for a few days, the skin looks fairer and finer and feels soft, smooth, and refreshed. This cream is independent of any complementary tonic lotion. It is especially suited to sensitive skins, as it prevents and cures the effects of sun- and wind-burn.

After the complexion has been thoroughly cleansed and rendered receptive with "Luxuria," "Skin and Tissue Builder" should be used as a massage cream. Its ingredients are closely allied to natural fats and provide genuine nourishment for muscles and underlying tissues and cells. A chart to guide the amateur masseuse accompanies each pot of "Skin and Tissue Builder"; its use, with proper exercise by massage, to stimulate the epidermis and circulation, will gradually fill out hollows, resuscitate sagging muscles, dissipate lines and the parched and starved appearance of an ageing or under-nourished skin.

The last of the triumvirate is "Beautifying Face Cream" which, when the skin has been cleansed and nourished, refines its texture, removes blemishes and sensibly lightens its tone. It should be allowed to seep into the skin for a few minutes and then gently removed. A light residue may be left on overnight if practicable.

In the morning the skin may be cleansed and soothed again with "Luxuria," and the "Beautifying Face Cream" is a perfect base for powder.

So much for the essentials. Having proved their efficacy, you may be inclined to avail yourself of the luxuries—of equal merit, because Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations have only one standard quality. You may prefer to cleanse in the morning and during the day with Liquefying Cream, which melts into a thin oil when applied and is designed as a quick cleanser, while the Eau de Beauté, a very mild astringent, is deliciously refreshing and cooling and a desirable substitute for water when the skin is sensitive, while the wide range of cosmetics would make any dilletante in the art of make-up happy as well as beautiful!

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The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

Summer Drinks, Ices, and a Fruit Junket

Champagne Cup

ONE bottle of champagne, two bottles of soda-water, one liqueur glass of brandy or curaçao, two tablespoonsful of castor sugar (in a wineglassful of syrup), and a sprig of borage. The cup to be well iced.

White-Wine Cup

TAKE with each bottle of white wine a quarter of an orange cut into thin slices (or half a pint of fresh strawberries), and about 2 oz. of castor sugar. The cup to be iced. This is a very old recipe and highly recommended.

Claret Cup

TO a bottle of claret add one of lemonade, put in a sprig of borage, and leave for about ten minutes; then remove the borage. Now sweeten to taste, add a liqueur glass of Maraschino, and lastly, half a syphon or a small bottle of soda-water. Add a lump of ice at the time of serving.

Cider Cup

RUB the peel of lemon on a few lumps of sugar, put them in a glass jug with a slice of cucumber, a bottle of sparkling cider, a liqueur glass of curaçao, and a bottle of soda-water. Ice and send to table.

Melon Ice

ONE gill of cream, one melon, 4 oz. of white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve. Mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace it in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Hand water-biscuits with the melon ice.

New York Ice-Cream

ONE quart of cream well sweetened with castor sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten very stiff, the whites of the same, also beaten stiff, and flavoured with vanilla. Thoroughly stir the yolks into the cream, then the whites lightly, and freeze immediately. One quart of banana, mashed to a pulp, and flavoured with lemon, makes it a banana ice-cream, or any other kind of fruit, but it must always be mashed, and the same quantity as the cream used.

Fruit Junket

PICK the stalks from ½ lb. of raspberries or loganberries, wash them well, and add enough sugar to sweeten, then whisk the whites of two eggs until they are a stiff froth, and mix them with the fruit. Make a junket in the ordinary way, and when it has set firmly, cover with the fruit purée.

The Editor's Box

Yorkshire Visitors

Harrogate can claim, with reason, that her popularity grows year by year, and that, for the purposes of health and pleasure, no resort possesses more attractions. Among the notabilities who have been breathing the Yorkshire air, enjoying the Yorkshire scenery, and sampling the "health-giving waters of Harrogate wells," are Mr. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, who has just returned to London after his cure; Lord Tenterden, the Earl of Bathurst, Sir Henry Holt, Sir John MacLeod, Sir Stewart Sankey, Sir Walter Bond, Lord Bethell, Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell, Sir George and Lady Younghusband, Sir William Thorne, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Charles, K.C., Sir Gratton and Lady Doyle, Sir Holberry Mensforth, Sir Edward Lucas, Sir E. Wilton, Countess Manvers, Lady Horne, Lady Kilvert, Florence Lady Cain, Lady Wombwell, Lady Lilian Boyd, Lady Wingfield Bonser, Lady Spielman, Lady Caine, Lady Robinson, Lady Whittaker, Lady Wilton, Lady Froom, and Lady de Lisle.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

.....

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1933

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(9th Year) Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1933

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up, and semi-finalists

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 21st, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 21st the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Rochampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1932 or 1933, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish, or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1933 No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 21st.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner.

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

ENTRANCE FORM No Entrance Fee

"The Bystander". Girls' Open Championship,
Stoke Poges, September 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1933

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Please enter
Miss .....

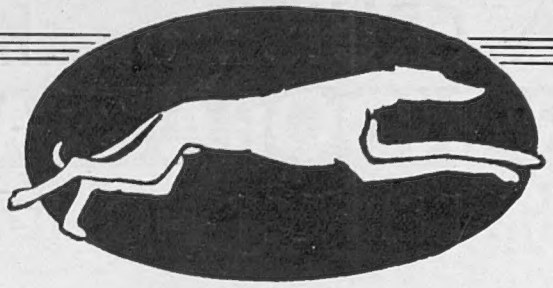
Home Address .....

.....

Date and year of birth..... Club, if any.....

Telephone No. .....

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. August 30, 1933.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.



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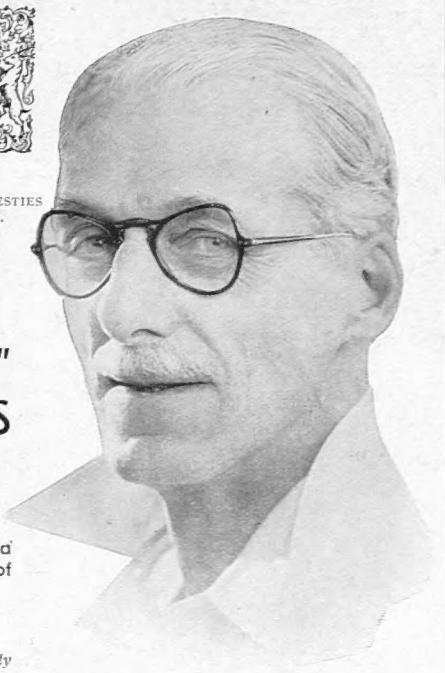

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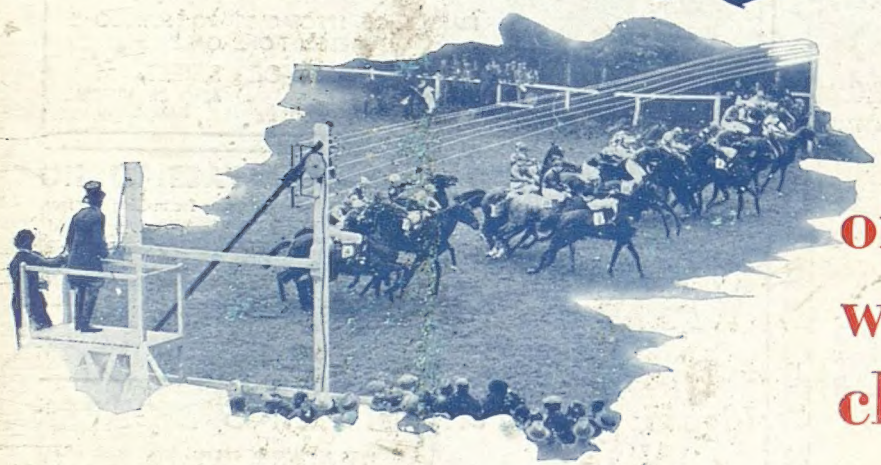

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